James Mcdonall Febry 27 1775

VISIONS

IN

VERSE

FOR THE

Entertainment and Inſtruction

OF

YOUNGER MINDS.

Virginibus puerisque canto. HOR.

The FIFTH EDITION, Revis'd and Enlarg'd.

LONDON:
Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in *Pall-mall.*
MDCCLV.

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AN EPISTLE TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greateſt Fame,
Thro' Modeſty ſuppreſs their Name;
And wou'd you wiſh me to reveal
What theſe ſuperior Wits conceal?
Forego the Search, my curious Friend,
And huſband Time to better End.
All my Ambition is, I own,
To profit and to pleaſe unknown;
Like Streams ſupply'd from Springs below,
Which ſcatter Bleſſings as they flow.

Were you diſeas'd, or preſs'd with Pain,
Strait you'd apply to * *Warwick-Lane*;
The thoughtful Doctor feels your Pulſe,
(No matter whether *Mead* or *Hulſe*)

* College of Phyſicians.

Writes——— *Arabic* to you and me,—
Then ſigns his Hand, and takes his Fee.
Now, ſhou'd the Sage omit his Name,
Wou'd not the Cure remain the ſame?
Not but Phyſicians ſign their Bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.

'Tis often known the Mental Race
Their fond ambitious Sires diſgrace.
Dar'd I avow a Parent's Claim,
Critics might ſneer, and Friends might blame.
This dang'rous Secret let me hide,
I'll tell you every thing beſide.
Not that it boots the World a Tittle,
Whether the Author's big or little;
Or whether fair, or black, or brown;
No Writer's Hue concerns the Town.

I paſs the ſilent rural Hour,
No Slave to Wealth, no Tool to Pow'r.
My Manſion's warm, and very neat;
You'd ſay, a pretty ſnug Retreat.
My Rooms no coſtly Paintings grace,
The humbler Print ſupplies their Place.
Behind the Houſe my Garden lies,
And opens to the Southern Skies:

The

The diſtant Hills gay Proſpects yield,
And Plenty ſmiles in ev'ry Field.

The faithful Maſtiff is my Guard,
The feather'd Tribes adorn my Yard;
Alive my Joy, my Treat when dead,
And their ſoft Plumes improve my Bed.

My Cow rewards me all ſhe can,
(Brutes leave Ingratitude to Man;)
She daily thankful to her Lord,
Crowns with nectareous Sweets my Board.
Am I diſeas'd;—the Cure is known,
Her ſweeter Juices mend my own.

I love my Houſe, and ſeldom roam,
Few Viſits pleaſe me more than Home.
I pity that unhappy Elf
Who loves all Company but Self,
By idle Paſſions born away
To Op'ra, Maſquerade, or Play;
Fond of thoſe Hives where Folly reigns,
And *Britain*'s Peers receive her Chains;
Where the pert Virgin ſlights a Name,
And ſcorns to redden into Shame.

But know, my Fair, (to whom belong
The Poet and his artleſs Song)
When Female Cheeks refuſe to glow,
Farewel to Virtue here below.
Our Sex is loſt to ev'ry Rule,
Our ſole Diſtinction, Knave or Fool.
'Tis to your Innocence we run;
Save us, ye Fair, or we're undone:
Maintain your Modeſty and Station,
So Women ſhall preſerve the Nation.

Mothers, 'tis ſaid, in Days of old,
Eſteem'd their Girls more choice than Gold:
Too well a Daughter's Worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public View:
(Few, who their Diamonds' Value weigh
Expoſe thoſe Diamonds ev'ry Day)
Then, if Sir PLUME drew near, and ſmil'd,
The Parent trembled for her Child:
The firſt Advance alarm'd her Breaſt;
And Fancy pictur'd all the reſt.
But now no Mother fears a Foe,
No Daughter ſhudders at a Beau.

Pleaſure is all the reigning Theme,
Our Noon-day Thought, our Mid-night Dream.

In

In Folly's Chace our Youths engage,
And ſhameleſs Crouds of tott'ring Age.
The Dye, the Dance, th' intemp'rate Bowl,
With various Charms engroſs the Soul.
Are Gold, Fame, Health, the Terms of Vice?
The frantic Tribes ſhall pay the Price.
But tho' to Ruin poſt they run,
They'll think it hard to be undone.

Do not arraign my Want of Taſte,
Or Sight to ken where Joys are plac'd.
They widely err, who think me blind,
And I diſclaim a Stoic's Mind.
Like yours are my Senſations quite;
I only ſtrive to feel aright.
My Joys, like Streams, glide gently by,
Tho' ſmall their Channel, never dry;
Keep a ſtill, even, fruitful Wave,
And bleſs the neighb'ring Meads they lave.

My Fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is ſmall;
Yet ev'ry Friend partakes my Store,
And Want goes ſmiling from my Door.
Will forty Shillings warm the Breaſt
Of Worth, or Induſtry diſtreſs'd?

This Sum I chearfully impart;
'Tis fourſcore Pleaſures to my Heart.
And you may make, by Means like theſe,
Five Talents Ten, whene'er you pleaſe.
'Tis true my little Purſe grows light;
But then I ſleep ſo ſweet at Night!
This *Grand Specific* will prevail,
When all the Doctor's Opiates fail.

You aſk, What Party I purſue?
Perhaps you mean, "Whoſe Fool are you?"
The Names of Party I deteſt,
Badges of Slavery at beſt!
I've too much Grace to play the Knave,
And too much Pride to turn a Slave.

I love my Country from my Soul,
And grieve, when Knaves or Fools controul.
I'm pleas'd, when Vice and Folly ſmart,
Or at the Gibbet or the Cart:
Yet always pity, where I can,
Abhor the Guilt, but mourn the Man.

Now the Religion of your Poet——
Does not this little Preface ſhow it?

My

My Viſions if you ſcan with Care,
'Tis Ten to One you'll find it there.
And if my Actions ſuit my Song,
You can't in Conſcience think me wrong.

SLANDER.

VISION I.

Inſcrib'd to Miſs * * * *

SLANDER.

VISION I.

Inscribed to Mrs. * * * *

SLANDER.

VISION I.

Inſcrib'd to Miſs * * * *

MY lovely Girl, I write for you;
And pray believe my Viſions true;
They'll form your Mind to every Grace;
They'll add new Beauties to your Face:
And when old Age impairs your Prime,
You'll triumph o'er the Spoils of Time.

Childhood and Youth engage my Pen,
'Tis Labour loſt to talk to Men.
Youth may, perhaps, reform, when wrong,
Age will not liſten to my Song.
He who at Fifty is a Fool,
Is far too ſtubborn grown for School.

What

What is that Vice which ſtill prevails,
When almoſt every Paſſion fails:
Which with our very Dawn begun,
Nor ends, but with our ſetting Sun:
Which, like a noxious Weed, can ſpoil
The faireſt Flow'rs, and choak the Soil?
'Tis SLANDER.—And, with Shame I own,
The Vice of Human-kind alone.

Be SLANDER then my leading Dream,
Tho' you're a Stranger to the Theme:
Thy ſofter Breaſt, and honeſt Heart,
Scorn the defamatory Art;
Thy Soul aſſerts her native Skies,
Nor aſks Detraction's Wings to riſe:
In foreign Spoils let others ſhine,
Intrinſic Excellence is thine.
The Bird, in Peacock's Plumes who ſhone,
Cou'd plead no Merit of her own:
The ſilly Theft betray'd her Pride,
And ſpoke her Poverty beſide.

Th' inſidious ſlandering Thief is worſe
Than the poor Rogue who ſteals your Purſe.

Say,

Say, He purloins your glitt'ring Store:
Who takes your Gold, takes 'Traſh—no more;'
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltleſs Wretch, who ſteals for Bread!
But the dark Villain, who ſhall aim
To blaſt, my Fair, thy ſpotleſs Name,
He'd ſteal a precious Gem away,
Steal what both *Indies* can't repay!
Here the ſtrong Pleas of Want are vain,
Or the more impious Pleas of Gain.
No ſinking Family to ſave!
No Gold to glut th' inſatiate Knave!

Improve the Hint of *Shakeſpear*'s Tongue,
'Twas thus immortal * *Shakeſpear* ſung.
And truſt the Bard's unerring Rule,
For Nature was *that* Poet's School.

As I was nodding in my Chair,
I ſaw a rueful Wild appear:
No Verdure met my aching Sight,
But Hemlock, and cold Aconite;
Two very pois'nous Plants 'tis true,
But not ſo bad as Vice to You.

The

* *Othello.*

The dreary Proſpect ſpread around!
Deep Snow had whiten'd all the Ground!
A black and barren Mountain nigh,
Expos'd to ev'ry friendleſs Sky!
Here foul-mouth'd SLANDER lay reclin'd,
Her ſnaky Treſſes hiſs'd behind:
" * A bloated Toad-ſtool rais'd her Head,
" The Plumes of Ravens were her Bed:
She fed upon the Viper's Brood,
And ſlak'd her impious Thirſt with Blood.

The riſing Sun and weſtern Ray
Were Witneſs to her diſtant Sway.
The Tyrant claim'd a mightier Hoſt
Than the proud *Perſian* e'er could boaſt.
No Conqueſt grac'd *Darius'* Son †;
By his own Numbers half undone!
Succeſs attended SLANDER's Pow'r,
She reap'd freſh Laurels ev'ry Hour.
Her Troops a deeper Scarlet wore
Than ever Armies knew before.

No

* *Garth's* Diſpenſary.

† *Xerxes* King of *Perſia* and Son of *Darius*. He invaded *Greece* with an Army conſiſting of more than a Million of Men (ſome ſay more than two Millions) who together with their Cattle, periſh'd in great meaſure thro' the Inability of the Countries to ſupply ſuch a vaſt Hoſt with Proviſion.

No Plea diverts the Fury's Rage,
The Fury ſpares nor Sex nor Age.
Ev'n Merit, with deſtructive Charms,
Provokes the Vengeance of her Arms.

Whene'er the Tyrant ſounds to War,
Her canker'd Trump is heard afar.
PRIDE, with a Heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the Field.
He ſtalks with vaſt gigantick Stride,
And ſcatters Fear and Ruin wide.
So the impetuous Torrents ſweep
At once whole Nations to the Deep.

REVENGE, that baſe * *Heſperian*, known
A chief Support of SLANDER's Throne,
Amidſt the bloody Croud is ſeen,
And Treach'ry brooding in his Mein;
The Monſter often chang'd his Gait,
But march'd reſolv'd and fix'd as Fate.
Thus the fell Kite, whom Hunger ſtings,
Now ſlowly moves his out-ſtretch'd Wings;

Now

* *Heſperia* includes *Italy*, as well as *Spain*, and the Inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful Diſpoſitions.

Now ſwift as Lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling Prey.

ENVY commands a ſecret Band,
With Sword and Poiſon in her Hand.
Around her haggard Eye-balls roll,
A thouſand Fiends poſſeſs her Soul.
The artful unſuſpected Spright,
With fatal Aim attacks by Night.
Her Troops advance with ſilent tread,
And ſtab the Hero in his Bed;
Or ſhoot the wing'd malignant Lye,
And female Honours pine and dye.
So prowling Wolves, when Darkneſs reigns,
Intent on Murder ſcour the Plains;
Approach the Folds, where Lambs repoſe,
Whoſe guileleſs Breaſts ſuſpect no Foes;
The Savage gluts his fierce Deſires,
And bleating Innocence expires.

SLANDER ſmil'd horribly, to view
How wide her daily Conqueſts grew:
Around the crouded Levees wait,
Like oriental Slaves of State:
Of either Sex whole Armies preſs'd,
But chiefly of the Fair and Beſt.

Is it a Breach of Friendſhip's Law,
To ſay what female Friends I ſaw?
SLANDER aſſumes the Idol's Part,
And claims the Tribute of the Heart.
The beſt, in ſome unguarded Hour,
Have bow'd the Knee, and own'd her Pow'r.
Then let the Poet not reveal
What Candour wiſhes to conceal.

If I beheld ſome faulty Fair,
Much worſe Delinquents crouded there:
Prelates in ſacred Lawn I ſaw,
Grave Phyſic, and loquacious Law;
Courtiers, like Summer Flies, abound;
And hungry Poets ſwarm around.
But now my partial Story ends,
And makes my Females full amends.

If ALBION's Iſle ſuch Dreams fulfils,
'Tis ALBION's Iſle which cures theſe Ills;
Fertile of every Worth and Grace,
Which warm the Heart, and flush the Face.

Fancy diſclos'd a ſmiling Train
Of *Britiſh* Nymphs, that trip'd the Plain:

GOOD-

GOOD-NATURE firſt, a Sylvan Queen,
Attir'd in Robes of chearful Green:
A fair and ſmiling Virgin ſhe!
With ev'ry Charm that ſhines in Thee.
PRUDENCE aſſum'd the chief Command,
And bore a Mirrour in her Hand;
Grey was the Matron's Head by Age,
Her Mind by long Experience ſage;
Of every diſtant Ill afraid,
And anxious for the ſimp'ring *Maid*.
The Graces danc'd before the Fair;
And white-rob'd INNOCENCE was there.
The Trees with golden Fruits were crown'd,
And riſing Flowers adorn'd the Ground;
The Sun diſplay'd each brighter Ray,
And ſhone in all the Pride of Day.

When SLANDER ſicken'd at the Sight,
And ſkulk'd away to ſhun the Light.

PLEASURE.

VISION II.

PLEASURE,

VISION III

PLEASURE.

VISION II.

HEAR, ye fair Mothers of our Iſle,
Nor ſcorn your Poet's homely Style.
What tho' my Thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant, that my Doctrine's true:
Or if my Sentiments be old,
Remember, Truth is ſterling Gold.

You judge it of important Weight
To keep your riſing Offſpring ſtrait:
For This ſuch anxious Moments feel,
And aſk the friendly Aids of Steel:
For this import the diſtant Cane,
Or ſlay the Monarch of the Main.
And ſhall the Soul be warp'd aſide
By Paſſion, Prejudice, and Pride?
Deformity of Heart I call
The worſt Deformity of all.

Your

Your Cares to *Body* are confin'd,
Few fear Obliquity of *Mind*.
Why not adorn the better Part!
This is a nobler Theme for Art.
For what is Form, or what is Face,
But the Soul's Index, or its Caſe?

Now take a Simile at hand,
Compare the mental Soil to Land.
Shall Fields be till'd with annual Care,
And Minds lie fallow ev'ry Year?
O ſince the Crop depends on You,
Give them the Culture which is due:
Hoe ev'ry Weed, and dreſs the Soil,
So Harveſt ſhall repay your Toil.

If human Minds reſemble Trees,
(As every Moraliſt agrees)
Prune all the Stragglers of your Vine,
Then ſhall the purple Cluſters ſhine.
The Gard'ner knows, that fruitful Life,
Demands his ſalutary Knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant Shoot,
Or robs the Bloom, or ſtarves the Fruit.

A † Satyriſt in *Roman* Times,
When *Rome* like *Britain* groan'd with Crimes;
Aſſerts it for a ſacred Truth,
That PLEASURES are the Bane of Youth;
That Sorrows ſuch Purſuits attend,
Or ſuch Purſuits in Sorrow end:
That all the wild Advent'rer gains
Are Perils, Penitence, and Pains.

Approve, ye Fair, the *Roman* Page,
And bid your Sons revere the Sage;
In Study ſpend their Midnight Oil,
And ſtring their Nerves by manly Toil.
Thus ſhall they grow, like TEMPLE wiſe,
Thus future LOCKS and NEWTONS riſe;
Or hardy Chiefs to wield the Lance,
And ſave us from the Chains of *France*.
Yes, bid your Sons betimes forego [grow;
Thoſe treach'rous Paths where PLEASURES
Where the young Mind is Folly's Slave,
Where ev'ry Virtue finds a Grave.

Let each bright Character be nam'd,
For Wiſdom or for Valour fam'd;

Are

† *Perſius.*

Are the dear Youths to Science prone?
Tell, how th' immortal BACON ſhone!
Who leaving meaner Joys to Kings,
Soar'd high on Contemplation's Wings;
Rang'd the fair Fields of Nature o'er,
Where never Mortal trod before:
BACON! whoſe vaſt capacious Plan
Beſpoke him Angel, more than Man!

Does Love of Martial Fame inſpire?
Cheriſh, ye Fair, the gen'rous Fire;
Teach them to ſpurn inglorious Reſt,
And rouſe the Hero in their Breaſt;
Paint *Creſſy*'s vanquiſh'd Field anew,
Their Souls ſhall kindle at the View;
Reſolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When Liberty and *Britain* call.
Thus ſhall they rule the crimſon Plain,
Or hurl their Thunders thro' the Main;
Gain with their Blood, nor grudge the Coſt,
What their degen'rate Sires have loſt:
The Laurel thus ſhall grace their Brow,
As CHURCHILL's once, or WARREN's now.

One Summer's Evening as I ſtray'd
Along the Silent Moon-light Glade;

With

With theſe Reflections in my Breaſt,
Beneath an Oak I ſunk to Reſt;
A gentle Slumber intervenes,
And Fancy dreſs'd inſtructive Scenes.

METHOUGHT a ſpacious Road I 'ſpy'd,
And ſtately Trees adorn'd its Side;
Frequented by a giddy Croud
Of thoughtleſs Mortals, vain, and loud;
Who trip'd with jocund Heel along,
And bade me join their ſmiling Throng.

I ſtrait obey'd—Perſuaſion hung
Like Honey on the Speaker's Tongue.
A cloudleſs Sun improv'd the Day,
And Pinks and Roſes ſtrew'd our Way.

Now as our Journey we purſue,
A beauteous Fabrick roſe to View;
A ſtately Dome, and ſweetly grac'd
With every Ornament of Taſte.
This Structure was a Female's Claim,
And PLEASURE was the Monarch's Name.

The Hall we enter'd uncontroul'd,
And ſaw the Queen enthron'd on Gold;

Arabian Sweets perfum'd the Ground,
And laughing *Cupids* flutter'd round;
A flowing Veſt adorn'd the Fair,
And flow'ry Chaplets wreath'd her Hair:
FRAUD taught the Queen a thouſand Wiles,
A thouſand ſoft inſidious Smiles;
LOVE taught her liſping Tongue to ſpeak,
And form'd the Dimple in her Cheek;
The LILLY, blended with the ROSE,
The Tincture of her Face compoſe;
Nor did the God of WIT diſdain
To mingle with the ſhining Train.

Her Vot'ries flock'd from various Parts,
And chiefly Youth reſign'd their Hearts;
The Old in ſparing Numbers preſs'd,
But aukward Devotees at beſt.

Now let us range at large, we cry'd,
Thro' all the Garden's boaſted Pride.
Here Jaſmines ſpread the Silver Flow'r,
To deck the Wall, or weave the Bow'r,
The Woodbines mix in am'rous Play,
And breathe their fragrant Lives away.
Here riſing Myrtles form a Shade,
There Roſes bluſh, and ſcent the Glade.

The

The Orange, with a vernal Face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal Grace;
While the young Bloſſoms here unfold,
There ſhines the Fruit, like pendent Gold.
Citrons their balmy Sweets exhale,
And triumph in the diſtant Gale.
Now Fountains murm'ring to the Song,
Roll their tranſlucent Streams along.
Thro' all the aromatic Groves,
The faithful Turtles coo their Loves.
The Lark aſcending pours his Notes,
And Linnets ſwell their rapt'rous Throats.

PLEASURE, Imperial Fair! how gay
Thy Empire, and how wide thy Sway!
Enchanting Queen! how ſoft thy Reign,
How Man, fond Man! implores thy Chain!
Yet Thine each meretricious Art,
That weakens, and corrupts the Heart.
The childiſh Toys and wanton Page
Which ſink and proſtitute the *Stage!*
The Maſquerade, that juſt Offence
To Virtue, and Reproach to Senſe!
The Midnight Dance, the mantling Bowl,
And All, that diſſipate the Soul;

All, that to ruin Man combine,
Yes, ſpecious Harlot, All are Thine!

Whence ſprung th' accurſed Luſt of *Play*
Which beggars Thouſands in a Day?
Speak, Sorc'reſs, ſpeak (for Thou can'ſt tell)
Who call'd the treach'rous Card from Hell?
Now Man profanes his reas'ning Pow'rs,
Profanes ſweet Friendſhip's ſacred Hours;
Abandon'd to inglorious Ends,
And faithleſs to Himſelf and Friends;
A Dupe to every artful Knave,
To every abject Wiſh a Slave;
But who againſt himſelf combines,
Abetts his Enemy's Deſigns.
When RAPINE meditates a Blow,
He ſhares the Guilt who aids the Foe.
Is Man a Thief who ſteals my Pelf?
How great his Theft, who robs himſelf!
Is Man, who gulls his Friend, a Cheat?
How heinous then is Self-deceit!
Is Murder juſtly deem'd a Crime?
How black his Guilt, who murders Time!
Shou'd Cuſtom plead, as Cuſtom will,
Grand Precedents to palliate Ill,

Shall Modes and Forms avail with me,
When Reaſon diſavows the Plea?
Who games, is Felon of his Wealth,
His Time, his Liberty, his Health.
VIRTUE forſakes his ſordid Mind,
And HONOUR ſcorns to ſtay behind.
From Man when theſe bright Cherubs part,
Ah! what's the poor deſerted Heart!
A ſavage Wild, that ſhocks the Sight,
Or Chaos, and impervious Night!
Each gen'rous Principle deſtroy'd,
And *Dæmons* croud the frightful Void!

Shall *Siam*'s Elephant ſupply
The baneful deſolating Die?
Againſt the honeſt Sylvan's Will,
You taught his iv'ry Tuſk to kill.
Heav'n, fond its Favours to diſpenſe,
Gave him that Weapon for defence.
That Weapon for his Guard deſign'd,
You render'd fatal to Mankind.
He plann'd no Death for thoughtleſs Youth,
You gave the Venom to his Tooth.
Bluſh, Tyrant, bluſh, for oh! 'tis true
That no fell Serpent bites like you.

The Gueſts were order'd to depart,
Reluctance ſat on ev'ry Heart:
A Porter ſhew'd a diff'rent Door,
Not the fair Portal known before!
The Gates, methought, were open'd wide,
The Crouds deſcended in a Tide.
But oh! ye Heav'ns, what vaſt Surprize
Struck the Advent'rers' frighted Eyes!
A barren Heath before us lay,
And gath'ring Clouds obſcur'd the Day;
The Darkneſs roſe in ſmoky Spires;
The Light'nings flaſh'd their livid Fires:
Loud Peals of Thunder rent the Air,
While Vengeance chill'd our Hearts with Fear.

Five ruthleſs Tyrants *ſway'd* the Plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled Slain.
Here ſat DISTASTE, with fickly Mien,
And more than half devoured with Spleen:
There ſtood REMORSE, with Thought oppreſt,
And Vipers feeding on his Breaſt;
Then WANT, dejected, pale and thin,
With Bones juſt ſtarting thro' his Skin;
A ghaſtly Fiend!—and cloſe behind
DISEASE his aching Head reclin'd!

His

His everlaſting Thirſt confeſs'd
The Fires, which rag'd within his Breaſt:
DEATH clos'd the Train! the hideous Form
Smil'd *unrelenting* in the Storm:
When ſtrait a doleful Shriek was heard;
I 'woke—The Viſion diſappear'd.

Let not the unexperienc'd Boy
Deny that PLEASURES will deſtroy:
Or ſay, that Dreams are vain and wild,
Like Fairy Tales, to pleaſe a Child.
Important Hints the Wiſe may reap
From Sallies of the Soul in Sleep.
And ſince there's Meaning in my Dream,
The Moral merits your Eſteem.

HEALTH.

VISION III.

HEALTH.

VISION III.

HEALTH.

VISION III.

ATTEND my Viſions, thoughtleſs Youths,
Ere long you'll think them weighty Truths;
Prudent it were to think ſo now,
Ere age has ſilver'd o'er your Brow:
For He, who at his early Years
Has ſown in Vice, ſhall reap in Tears.
If Folly has poſſeſs'd his Prime,
Diſeaſe ſhall gather Strength in Time;
Poiſon ſhall rage in ev'ry Vein,——
Nor Penitence dilute the Stain:
And when each Hour ſhall urge his Fate,
Thought, like the Doctor, comes too late.

The Subject of my Song is HEALTH,
A Good ſuperior far to Wealth.
Can the young Mind diſtruſt its Worth!
Conſult the Monarchs of the Earth:

Imperial

Imperial Czars, and Sultans, own
No Gem ſo bright, that decks their Throne:
Each for this Pearl his Crown would quit,
And turn a Ruſtic, or a Cit.

Mark, tho' the Bleſſing's loſt with Eaſe,
'Tis not recover'd when you pleaſe.
Say not that Gruels ſhall avail,
For ſalutary Gruels fail.
Say not, *Apollo*'s Sons ſucceed,
Apollo's Son is *Egypt*'s † Reed.
How fruitleſs the Phyſician's Skill,
How vain the penitential Pill,
The Marble Monuments proclaim,
The humbler Turf confirms the ſame!
Prevention is the better Cure,
So ſays the Proverb, and *'tis ſure.*

Wou'd you extend your narrow Span,
And make the moſt of Life you can;
Wou'd you, when Med'cines cannot ſave,
Deſcend with Eaſe into the Grave;
Calmly retire, like Evening Light,
And chearful bid the World Good Night;

Let

† In Alluſion to 2 Kings xviii. 21.

Let Temp'rance conſtantly preſide,
Our beſt Phyſician, Friend, and Guide!
Wou'd you to Wiſdom make Pretence,
Proud to be taught a Man of Senſe;
Let Temp'rance (always Friend to Fame)
With ſteddy Hand direct your Aim;
Or, like an Archer in the Dark,
Your random Shaft will miſs the Mark:
For they, who ſlight her golden Rules,
In Wiſdom's Volume ſtand for Fools.

But Morals, unadorn'd by Art,
Are ſeldom known to reach the Heart.
I'll therefore ſtrive to raiſe my Theme
With all the Scenery of Dream.

Soft were my Slumbers, ſweet my Reſt,
Such as the Infant's on the Breaſt;
When Fancy, ever on the Wing,
And fruitful as the genial Spring,
Preſented in a Blaze of Light
A new Creation to my Sight.

A rural Landſcape I deſcry'd,
Dreſt in the Robes of Summer Pride;

The Herds adorn'd the ſloping Hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling Rills;
Below the fleecy Mothers ſtray'd,
And round their ſportive Lambkins play'd.

Nigh to a murm'ring Brook I ſaw
An humble Cottage thatch'd with Straw;
Behind, a Garden that ſupply'd
All things for Uſe, and none for Pride:
Beauty prevail'd thro' ev'ry Part,
But more of Nature than of Art.

Hail, thou ſweet, calm, unenvied Seat!
I ſaid, and bleſs'd the fair Retreat:
Here wou'd I paſs my remnant Days,
Unknown to Cenſure, or to Praiſe;
Forget the World, and be forgot,
As *Pope* deſcribes his Veſtal's Lot.

While thus I mus'd, a beauteous Maid
Step'd from a Thicket's neighb'ring Shade;
Not *Hampton*'s Gallery can boaſt,
Nor *Hudſon* paint ſo fair a Toaſt:
She claim'd the Cottage for her own,
To HEALTH a Cottage is a Throne.

The Annals ſay (to prove her Worth)
The GRACES ſolemniz'd her Birth.
Garlands of various Flow'rs they wrought,
The Orchard's bluſhing Pride they brought:
Hence in her Face the Lilly ſpeaks,
And hence the Roſe, which paints her Cheeks;
The Cherry gave her Lips to glow,
Her Eyes were Debtors to the Sloe;
And, to compleat the lovely Fair,
'Tis ſaid, the Cheſnut ſtain'd her Hair.

The Virgin was averſe to Courts,
But often ſeen in rural Sports;
When in her roſy Veſt the Morn
Walks o'er the Dew-beſpangled Lawn,
The Nymph is firſt to form the Race,
Or wind the Horn, and lead the Chace.

Sudden I heard a ſhouting Train,
Glad Acclamations fill'd the Plain:
Unbounded Joy improv'd the Scene,
For HEALTH was loud proclaim'd a Queen.

Two ſmiling Cherubs grac'd her Throne,
(To modern Courts, I fear, unknown;)

One

One was the Nymph, that loves the Light,
Fair INNOCENCE, array'd in white;
With Sister PEACE in close Embrace,
And Heav'n all opening in her Face.

The Reign was long, the Empire great,
And VIRTUE, Minister of State.
In other Kingdoms, ev'ry Hour,
You hear of Vice preferr'd to Pow'r:
VICE was a perfect Stranger here;
No Knaves engross'd the Royal Ear:
No Fools obtain'd this Monarch's Grace;
VIRTUE dispos'd of every *Place*.

What sickly Appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying Hours!
And tho' from good to bad we range,
No Matter, says the Fool, "'tis Change."

Her Subjects now express'd apace
Dissatisfaction in their Face:
Some view the State with Envy's Eye,
Some were displeas'd, they knew not why:
When FACTION, ever bold and vain,
With Rigour tax'd their Monarch's Reign.

Thus

Thus ſhou'd an Angel from above,
Fraught with Benevolence and Love,
Deſcend to Earth, and here impart
Important Truths to mend the Heart:
Would not th' inſtructive Gueſt diſpenſe
With Paſſion, Appetite, and Senſe;
We ſhould his heav'nly Lore deſpiſe,
And ſend him to his former Skies.

A dang'rous hoſtile Power aroſe
To HEALTH, whoſe Houſhold were her Foes:
A Harlot's looſe Attire ſhe wore,
And LUXURY the Name ſhe bore.
This Princeſs of unbounded Sway,
Whom *Aſia*'s ſofter Sons obey,
Made War againſt the Queen of HEALTH,
Aſſiſted by the Troops of WEALTH.

The Queen was firſt to take the Field,
Arm'd with her Helmet and her Shield;
Temper'd with ſuch ſuperior Art,
That both were Proof to ev'ry Dart.
Two warlike Chiefs approach'd the Green,
And wond'rous Fav'rites with the Queen:
Both were of *Amazonian* Race,
Both high in Merit, and in Place.

Here

Here RESOLUTION march'd, whoſe Soul
No Fear could ſhake, no Pow'r controul;
The Heroine wore a *Roman* Veſt,
A Lion's Heart inform'd her Breaſt.
There PRUDENCE ſhone, whoſe Boſom wrought
With all the various Plans of Thought;
'Twas Her's to bid the Troops engage,
And teach the Battle where to rage.
And now the *Siren*'s Armies preſs,
Their Van was headed by EXCESS:
The mighty Wings, that form'd the Side,
Commanded by that Giant PRIDE:
While SICKNESS, and her Siſters, PAIN,
And POVERTY, the Center gain:
REPENTANCE, with a Brow ſevere,
And DEATH, were ſtation'd in the Rear.
HEALTH rang'd her Troops with matchleſs Art,
And acted the defenſive Part:
Her Army poſted on a Hill,
Plainly beſpoke ſuperior Skill:
Hence were diſcover'd thro' the Plain,
The Motions of the hoſtile Train:
While PRUDENCE, to prevent Surprize,
Oft ſally'd with her truſty Spies;
Explor'd each Ambuſcade below,
And reconnoitred well the Foe.

Afar

Afar when LUXURY deſcry'd
Inferior Force by Art ſupply'd,
The *Siren* ſpake—Let Fraud prevail,
Since all my numerous Hoſts muſt fail;
Henceforth Hoſtilities ſhall ceaſe,
I'll ſend to HEALTH, and offer Peace.
Strait ſhe diſpatch'd, with Pow'rs compleat,
PLEASURE, her Miniſter, to treat.
This wicked Strumpet topp'd her Part,
And ſow'd Sedition in the Heart;
Thro' ev'ry Troop the Poiſon ran,
All were infected to a Man.
The wary Generals were won
By PLEASURE's Wiles, and Both undone.

JOVE held the Troops in high Diſgrace,
And bade Diſeaſes blaſt their Race;
Look'd on the Queen with melting Eyes,
And ſnatch'd his Darling to the Skies:
Who ſtill regards thoſe wiſer Few,
That dare her Dictates to purſue.
For where her ſtricter Law prevails,
Tho' Paſſion prompts, or Vice aſſails;
Long ſhall They cloudleſs Skies behold,
And their calm Sun-ſet beam with Gold.

CON-

C O N-

CONTENT.

VISION IV.

CONTENT.

VISION IV.

CONTENT.

VISION IV.

MAN is deceiv'd by outward Show—
'Tis a plain homeſpun Truth I know;
The Fraud prevails at ev'ry Age,
So ſays the School-boy, and the Sage;
Yet ſtill we hug the dear Deceit,
And ſtill exclaim againſt the Cheat.
But whence this inconſiſtent Part?
Say, Moraliſts, who know the Heart:
If you'll this Labyrinth purſue,
I'll go before, and find the Clue.

I dreamt ('twas on a Birth-day Night)
A ſumptuous Palace roſe to Sight:
The Builder had, thro' ev'ry Part,
Obſerv'd the chaſteſt Rules of Art;

Raphael

Raphael and *Titian* had diſplay'd
All the full Force of Light and Shade;
Around the livery'd Servants wait;
An aged Porter kept the Gate.

As I was traverſing the Hall,
Where *Bruſſels'* Looms adorn'd the Wall,
(Whoſe Tap'ſtry ſhews, without my Aid,
A Nun is no ſuch uſeleſs Maid)
A graceful Perſon came in View,
(His Form, it ſeems, is known to few;)
His Dreſs was unadorn'd with Lace,
But Charms! a thouſand in his Face.

This, Sir, your Property? I cry'd——
Maſter and Manſion coincide;
Where all, indeed, is truly great,
And proves, that Bliſs may dwell with State.
Pray, Sir, indulge a Stranger's Claim,
And grant the Favour of your Name.

"CONTENT," the lovely Form reply'd;
But think not, here that I reſide:
Here lives a Courtier, baſe and ſly;
An open, honeſt, Ruſtic, I.

Our

Our Taſte and Manners diſagree,
His Levee boaſts no Charms for me:
For Titles, and the Smiles of Kings,
To me are cheap unheeded Things.
('Tis Virtue can alone impart
The Patent of a Ducal Heart:
Unleſs this Herald ſpeaks him great,
What ſhall avail the Glare of State?)
Thoſe ſecret Charms are my Delight,
Which ſhine remote from public Sight:
Paſſions ſubdued, Deſires at reſt,———
And hence his Chaplain ſhares my Breaſt.

There was a Time (his Grace can tell)
I knew the Duke exceeding well;
Knew ev'ry Secret of his Heart;
In truth, we never were apart:
But when the Court became his End,
He turn'd his Back upon his Friend.

One Day I call'd upon his Grace,
Juſt as the Duke had got a Place:
I thought (but thought amiſs, 'tis clear)
I ſhou'd be welcome to the Peer,
Yes, welcome to a Man in *Pow'r*;
And ſo I was——— for half an Hour.

But he grew weary of his Gueſt,
And ſoon diſcarded me his Breaſt;
Upbraided me with Want of Merit,
But moſt for Poverty of Spirit.

You reliſh not the great Man's Lot?
Come, haſten to my humbler Cot.
Think me not partial to the Great,
I'm a ſworn Foe to Pride and State;
No Monarchs ſhare my kind Embrace,
There's ſcarce a Monarch knows my Face:
CONTENT ſhuns Courts, and oft'ner dwells
With modeſt Worth in rural Cells;
There's no Complaint, tho' brown the Bread,
Or the rude Turf ſuſtain the Head;
Tho' hard the Couch, and coarſe the Meat,
Still the brown Loaf and Sleep are ſweet.

Far from the City I reſide,
And a thatch'd Cottage all my Pride.
True to my Heart, I ſeldom roam,
Becauſe I find my Joys at home:
For foreign Viſits then begin,
When the Man feels a Void within.

But tho' from Towns and Crouds I fly,
No Humouriſt, nor Cynic, I.
Amidſt ſequeſter'd Shades I prize
The Friendſhips of the Good, and Wiſe.
Bid VIRTUE and her Sons attend,
VIRTUE will tell thee, I'm her Friend;
Tell thee, I'm faithful, conſtant, kind,
And meek, and lowly, and reſign'd;
Will ſay, there's no Diſtinction known
Betwixt her Houſhold, and my own.

AUTHOR.] If theſe the Friendſhips you purſue,
Your Friends, I fear, are very few.
So little Company, you ſay,
Yet fond of Home from Day to Day!
How do you ſhun Detraction's Rod?
I doubt your Neighbours think you odd!

CONTENT.] I commune with myſelf at Night,
And aſk my Heart if all be right:
If, "Right," replies my faithful Breaſt,
I ſmile, and cloſe my Eyes to Reſt.

AUTHOR.] You ſeem regardleſs of the Town:
Pray, Sir, how ſtand you with the Gown?

CONTENT.] The Clergy ſay, they love me well,
Whether they do, they beſt can tell:
They paint me modeſt, friendly, wiſe,
And always praiſe me to the Skies;
But if Conviction's at the Heart,
Why not a correſpondent Part?
For ſhall the learned Tongue prevail,
If Actions preach a diff'rent Tale?
Who'll ſeek my Door, or grace my Walls,
When neither Dean nor Prelate calls?

With thoſe my Friendſhips moſt obtain,
Who prize their Duty more than Gain;
Soft flow the Hours whene'er we meet,
And conſcious Virtue is our Treat;
Our harmleſs Breaſts no Envy know,
And hence we fear no ſecret Foe;
Our Walks Ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we aſk no pow'rful Friends;
We wiſh the beſt to Church and State,
But leave the Steerage to the Great;
Careleſs, who riſes, or who falls,
And never dream of vacant *Stalls*;
Much leſs, by Pride or Int'reſt drawn,
Sigh for the Mitre, and the Lawn.

Obſerve

Obſerve the Secrets of my Art,
I'll fundamental Truths impart:
And if you'll my Advice purſue,
I'll quit my Hut, and dwell with you.

The Paſſions are a num'rous Croud,
Imperious, poſitive and loud:
Curb theſe licentious Sons of Strife;
Hence chiefly riſe the Storms of Life:
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy Maſters, Thou their Slave.

Regard the World with cautious Eye,
Nor raiſe your Expectation high.
See, that the ballanc'd Scales be ſuch,
You neither fear, nor hope too much.
For Diſappointment's not the thing,
'Tis Pride and Paſſion point the Sting.
Life is a Sea, where Storms muſt riſe,
'Tis Folly talks of cloudleſs Skies:
He, who contracts his ſwelling Sail,
Eludes the Fury of the Gale.

Be ſtill, nor anxious Thoughts employ,
Diſtruſt imbitters preſent Joy:

On GOD for all Events depend;
You cannot want, when GOD's your Friend;
Weigh well your Part, and do your beſt;
Leave to your Maker all the reſt.
The Hand which form'd thee in the Womb,
Guides from the Cradle to the Tomb.
Can the fond Mother ſlight her Boy;
Can ſhe forget her prattling Joy?
Say then, ſhall SOV'REIGN LOVE deſert
The humble, and the honeſt Heart;
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy Mind;
Yet ſay not thou, that Heav'n's unkind.
GOD is alike, both good, and wiſe,
In what he grants, and what denies:
Perhaps, what Goodneſs gives to-day,
To-morrow Goodneſs takes away.

You ſay, that Troubles intervene,
That Sorrows darken half the Scene.
True——and this Conſequence you ſee,
The World was ne'er deſign'd for thee:
You're like a Paſſenger below,
That ſtays perhaps a Night or ſo;
But ſtill his native Country lies
Beyond the Bound'ries of the Skies.

Of Heav'n aſk Virtue, Wiſdom, Health,
But never let thy Pray'r be Wealth.
If Food be thine, (tho' little Gold)
And Raiment to repel the Cold;
Such as may Nature's Wants ſuffice,
Not what from Pride and Folly riſe;
If ſoft the Motions of thy Soul,
And a calm Conſcience crowns the whole;
Add but a Friend to all this Store,
You can't in Reaſon wiſh for more:
And if kind Heav'n this Comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n beſtows on Kings.

He ſpake——The airy Spectre flies,
And ſtrait the ſweet Illuſion dies.
The Viſion, at the early Dawn,
Conſign'd me to the thoughtful Morn;
To all the Cares of waking Clay,
And inconſiſtent Dreams of Day.

HAPPINESS.

VISION V.

HAPPINESS.

VISION V.

HAPPINESS.

VISION V.

YE ductile Youths, whoſe riſing Sun
Hath many Circles ſtill to run;
Who wiſely wiſh the Pilot's Chart,
To ſteer thro' Life th' unſteady Heart;
And all the thoughtful Voyage paſt,
To gain a happy Port at laſt:
Attend a Seer's inſtructive Song,
For moral Truths to Dreams belong.

I ſaw this wond'rous Viſion ſoon,
Long ere my Sun had reach'd its Noon;
Juſt when the riſing Beard began
To grace my Chin, and call me Man.

One Night, when balmy Slumbers ſhed
Their peaceful Poppies o'er my Head,

My

My Fancy led me to explore
A thouſand Scenes unknown before.
I ſaw a Plain extended wide,
And Crouds pour'd in from ev'ry Side:
All ſeem'd to ſtart a diff'rent Game,
Yet all declar'd their Views the ſame:
The Chace was HAPPINESS I found,
But all, alas! enchanted Ground.

Indeed I judg'd it wond'rous ſtrange,
To ſee the giddy Numbers range
Thro' Roads, which promis'd nought, at beſt,
But Sorrow to the human Breaſt.
Methought, if Bliſs was all their View,
Why did they diff'rent Paths purſue?
The waking World has long agreed,
That *Bagſhot*'s not the Road to *Tweed*:
And he who *Berwick* ſeeks thro' *Stains*,
Shall have his Labour for his Pains.

As PARNEL * ſays, my Boſom wrought
With Travail of uncertain Thought:
And, as an Angel help'd the Dean,
My Angel choſe to intervene;

* *The Hermit.*

The Dreſs of each was much the ſame,
And VIRTUE was my Seraph's Name.
When thus the Angel ſilence broke,
Her Voice was Muſic as ſhe ſpoke.

Attend, O Man, nor leave my Side,
And Safety ſhall thy Footſteps guide;
Such Truths I'll teach, ſuch Secrets ſhow,
As none but favour'd Mortals know.

She ſaid —— and ſtrait we march'd along
To join AMBITION's active Throng:
Crouds urg'd on Crouds with eager Pace,
And happy He, who led the Race.
Axes and Daggers lay unſeen
In Ambuſcade along the Green:
While Vapours ſhed deluſive Light,
And Bubbles mock'd the diſtant Sight.

We ſaw a ſhining Mountain riſe,
Whoſe tow'ring Summit reach'd the Skies:
The Slopes were ſteep, and form'd of Glaſs,
Painful and hazardous to paſs:
Courtiers and Stateſmen led the Way,
The faithleſs Paths their Steps betray;

This

This Moment ſeen aloft to ſoar,
The next to fall and riſe no more.

'Twas here AMBITION kept her Court,
A Phantom of gigantic Port;
The Fav'rite that ſuſtain'd her Throne,
Was FALSHOOD, by her Vizard known;
Next ſtood MISTRUST, with frequent Sigh,
Diſorder'd Look, and ſquinting Eye;
While meager ENVY claim'd a Place,
And JEALOUSY with jaundic'd Face.

But where is HAPPINESS? I cry'd.
My Guardian turn'd, and thus reply'd.

Mortal, by Folly ſtill beguil'd,
Thou haſt not yet outſtrip'd the Child;
Thou, who haſt Twenty Winters ſeen,
(I hardly think thee paſt Fifteen)
To aſk if HAPPINESS can dwell
With every dirty Imp of Hell!
Go to the Schol-boy, he ſhall preach,
What Twenty Winters cannot teach;
He'll tell thee from his weekly Theme,
That thy Purſuit is all a Dream;

That

That Bliſs ambitious Views diſowns,
And ſelf-dependent, laughs at Thrones;
Prefers the Shades and lowly Seats,
Whither fair Innocence retreats:
So the coy Lily of the Vale,
Shuns Eminence, and loves the Dale.

I bluſh'd; and now we croſs'd the Plain,
To find the Money-getting Train;
Thoſe ſilent, ſnug, commercial Bands,
With buſy Looks, and dirty Hands.
Amidſt theſe thoughtful Crouds the Old
Plac'd all their HAPPINESS in Gold.
And ſurely if there's Bliſs below,
Theſe hoary Heads the Secret know.

We journey'd with the plodding Crew,
When ſoon a Temple roſe to View:
A Gothic Pile! with Moſs o'er-grown;
Strong were the Walls, and built with Stone.
Without a thouſand Maſtiffs wait:
A thouſand Bolts ſecure the Gate.
We ſought Admiſſion long in vain;
For here all Favours ſell for Gain:
The greedy Porter yields to Gold,
His Fee receiv'd, the Gates unfold.

Aſſembled

Aſſembled Nations here we found,
And view'd the cringing Herds around,
Who daily ſacrific'd to WEALTH,
Their Honour, Conſcience, Peace and Health.
I ſaw no Charms that cou'd engage;
The God appear'd like ſordid Age,
With hooked Noſe, and famiſh'd Jaws,
But Serpents' Eyes, and Harpy's Claws:
Behind ſtood FEAR, that reſtleſs Spright,
Which haunts the Watches of the Night;
And Viper-CARE, that ſtings ſo deep,
Whoſe deadly Venom murders Sleep.

We haſten'd now to PLEASURE's Bow'rs,
Where the gay Tribes ſat crown'd with Flow'rs:
Here BEAUTY every Charm diſplay'd,
And Love enflam'd the yielding maid:
Delicious WINE our Taſte employs,
His crimſon Bowl exalts our Joys:
I felt its gen'rous Pow'r, and thought
The Pearl was found, that long I ſought.
Determin'd here to fix my Home,
I bleſs'd the Change, nor wiſh'd to roam:
The SERAPH diſapprov'd my Stay,
Spread her fair Plumes, and wing'd away.
Alas!

Alas! whene'er we talk of Bliſs,
How prone is Man to judge amiſs!
See, a long Train of Ills conſpires
To ſcourge our uncontroul'd Deſires.
Like Summer Swarms DISEASES croud,
Each bears a Crutch, or each a Shroud:
FEVER! that thirſty Fury, came,
With inextinguiſhable Flame;
CONSUMPTION, ſworn Ally of DEATH!
Creep'd ſlowly on with panting Breath;
GOUT roar'd, and ſhew'd his throbbing Feet;
And DROPSY took the Drunkard's Seat:
STONE brought his tott'ring Racks; and near
Sat PALSY ſhaking in her Chair.

A mangled Youth, beneath a Shade,
A melancholy Scene diſplay'd:
His noſeleſs Face, and loathſome Stains,
Proclaim'd the Poiſon in his Veins;
He rais'd his Eyes, he ſmote his Breaſt,
He wept aloud, and thus addreſs'd.

Forbear the Harlot's falſe Embrace,
Tho' Lewdneſs wear an Angel's Face.
Be wiſe, by my Experience taught,
I die, alas! for Want of Thought.

As he, who travels *Libya*'s Plains,
Where the fierce Lion lawleſs reigns,
Is ſeiz'd with Fear, and wild Diſmay,
When the grim Foe obſtructs his Way:
My Soul was pierc'd with equal Fright,
My tott'ring Limbs oppos'd my Flight;
I call'd on VIRTUE, but in vain,
Her Abſence quicken'd ev'ry Pain:
At length the ſlighted Angel heard,
The dear refulgent Form appear'd.

Preſumptuous Youth! ſhe ſaid, and frown'd,
(My Heart-ſtrings flutter'd at the Sound)
Who turns to me reluctant Ears,
Shall ſhed a Flood of future Tears.
Theſe Rivers ſhall for ever laſt,
There's no retracting what is paſt;
Nor think avenging Ills to ſhun;
Play a falſe Card, and you're undone.

Of PLEASURE's gilded Baits beware,
Nor tempt the Syren's fatal Snare:
Forego this curs'd, deteſted Place,
Abhor the Strumpet, and her Race:

Had you thoſe ſofter Paths purſu'd,
Perdition, Stripling, had enſu'd:
Yes, fly——you ſtand upon its Brink;
To-morrow is too late to think.

Indeed unwelcome Truths I tell,
But mark my ſacred Leſſon well:
With me whoever lives at Strife,
Loſes his better Friend for Life;
With me who lives in Friendſhip's Ties,
Finds all that's fought for by the Wiſe.
Folly exclaims, and well ſhe may,
Becauſe I take her Maſk away;
If once I bring her to the Sun,
The painted Harlot is undone.
But prize, my Child, oh! prize my Rules,
And leave Deception to her Fools.

AMBITION deals in Tinſel Toys,
Her Traffic Gewgaws, fleeting Joys!
An errant Jugler in Diſguiſe,
Who holds falſe Optics to your Eyes.
But ah! how quick the Shadows paſs;
Tho' the bright Viſions thro' her Glaſs
Charm at a Diſtance; yet, when near,
The baſeleſs Fabricks diſappear.

Nor RICHES boaſt intrinſic Worth,
Their Charms, at beſt, ſuperior Earth:
Theſe oft the Heav'n-born Mind enſlave,
And make an honeſt Man a Knave.
"Wealth cures my Wants," the Miſer cries;
Be not deceiv'd, the Miſer lies:
One Want he has with all his Store,
That worſt of Wants! the Want of more.

Take Pleaſure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
And where is HAPPINESS, you ſay?

'Tis Here—and may be yours—for, know
I'm all that's Happineſs below.

To Vice I leave tumultuous Joys,
Mine is the ſtill and ſofter *Voice*;
That whiſpers Peace, when Storms invade,
And Muſic thro' the Midnight Shade.

Come then, be mine in ev'ry Part,
Nor give me leſs, than all your Heart;
When Troubles diſcompoſe your Breaſt,
I'll enter there a chearful Gueſt:
My Converſe ſhall your Cares beguile,
The Little World within ſhall ſmile;

And then it ſcarce imports a Jot,
Whether the Great World frowns or not.

And when the cloſing Scenes prevail,
When Wealth, State, Pleaſure, All ſhall fail;
All that a fooliſh World admires,
Or Paſſion craves, or Pride inſpires;
At that important Hour of Need,
VIRTUE ſhall prove a Friend indeed!
My Hands ſhall ſmooth thy dying Bed,
My Arms ſuſtain thy drooping Head:
And when the painful Struggle's o'er,
And that vain Thing, the World, no more;
I'll bear my Fav'rite Son away,
To Rapture, and Eternal Day.

FRIENDSHIP.

VISION VI.

FRIENDSHIP.

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VISION VI.

FRIENDSHIP! Thou ſoft, propitious Pow'r!
Sweet Regent of the ſocial Hour!
Sublime thy Joys, nor underſtood,
But by the Virtuous and the Good!
CABAL and RIOT take thy Name,
But 'tis a falſe affected Claim.
In Heav'n if Love and Friendſhip dwell,
Can they aſſociate e'er with Hell?

Thou art the ſame thro' Change of Times,
Thro' frozen Zones, and burning Climes;
From the Æquator to the Pole,
The ſame kind Angel thro' the Whole.
And ſince thy Choice is always free,
I bleſs Thee for thy Smiles on me.

When Sorrows ſwell the Tempeſt high,
Thou, a kind Port, art always nigh;

For aching Hearts a ſov'reign Cure,
Not ſoft *Nepenthe* † half ſo ſure!
And when returning Comforts riſe,
Thou the bright Sun, that gilds our Skies!

While theſe Ideas warm'd my Breaſt,
My weary Eye-lids ſtole to Reſt;
When Fancy re-aſſum'd the Theme,
And furniſh'd this inſtructive Dream.

I ſail'd upon a ſtormy Sea,
(Thouſands embark'd alike with me)
My Skiff was ſmall, and weak beſide,
Not built, methought, to ſtem the Tide.
The Winds along the Surges ſweep,
The Wrecks lie ſcatter'd thro' the Deep;
Aloud the foaming Billows roar,
Unfriendly Rocks forbid the Shore.

While all our various Courſe purſue,
A ſpacious Iſle ſalutes our View.
Two Queens, with Tempers diff'ring wide,
This new diſcover'd World divide.
A River parts their proper Claim,
And TRUTH its celebrated Name.

† Nepenthe is an Herb, which being infus'd in Wine diſpels Grief. It is unknown to the Moderns; but ſome believe it a kind of *Opium*, and others take it for a Species of *Bugloſs*. Plin. 21. 21. & 25. 2.

One Side a beauteous Tract of Ground
Preſents, with living Verdure crown'd.
The Seaſons temp'rate, ſoft, and mild,
And a kind Sun that always ſmil'd.
Few Storms moleſt the Natives here;
Cold is the only Ill they fear.
This happy Clime, and grateful Soil,
With Plenty crowns the Lab'rer's Toil.

Here FRIENDSHIP's happy Kingdom grew,
Her Realms were ſmall, her Subjects few.
A thouſand Charms the Palace grace,
A Rock of Adamant its Baſe.
Tho' Thunders roll, and Lightnings fly,
This Structure braves th' inclement Sky.
Ev'n TIME, which other Piles devours,
And mocks the Pride of human Pow'rs,
Partial to FRIENDSHIP's Pile alone,
Cements the Joints, and binds the Stone;
Ripens the Beauties of the Place,
And calls to Life each latent Grace.

Around the Throne, in Order ſtand
Four Amazons, a truſty Band;
Friends ever faithful to adviſe,
Or to defend when Dangers riſe.

Here FORTITUDE in Coat of Mail!
There JUSTICE lifts her golden Scale!
Two hardy Chiefs! who perſevere,
With Form erect, and Brow ſevere;
Who ſmile at Perils, Pains and Death,
And triumph with their lateſt Breath.

TEMP'RANCE, that comely Matron's near,
Guardian of all the VIRTUES Here;
Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming Grace,
Without one Wrinkle in her Face.

But PRUDENCE moſt attracts the Sight,
And ſhines pre-eminently bright.
To view her various Thoughts that riſe,
She holds a Mirrour to her Eyes;
The Mirrour, faithful to its Charge,
Reflects the Virgin's Soul in large.

A VIRTUE with a ſofter Air,
Was Hand-maid to the regal Fair.
This Nymph, indulgent, conſtant, kind,
Derives from Heav'n her ſpotleſs Mind;
When Actions wear a dubious Face,
Puts the beſt Meaning on the Caſe;

She ſpreads her Arms, and bares her breaſt,
Takes in the Naked and Diſtreſs'd;
Prefers the hungry Orphan's Cries,
And from her Queen obtains Supplies.
The Maid, who acts this lovely Part,
Graſp'd in her Hand a bleeding Heart.
Fair CHARITY! be Thou my Gueſt,
And be thy conſtant Couch my Breaſt.

But Virtues of inferior Name,
Croud round the Throne with equal Claim;
In Loyalty by none ſurpaſs'd,
They hold Allegiance to the laſt.
Not ancient Records e'er can ſhow
That one deſerted to the Foe.

The River's other Side diſplay'd
Alternate Plots of Flow'rs and Shade,
Where Poppies ſhone with various Hue,
Where yielding Willows plenteous grew;
And *Humble* † Plants, by Trav'lers thought
With ſlow but certain Poiſon fraught.
Beyond theſe Scenes, the Eye deſcry'd
A pow'rful Realm extended wide,

† The *Humble* Plant bends down before the Touch (as the *Senſitive* Plant ſhrinks from the Touch) and is ſaid by ſome to be the ſlow Poiſon of the *Indians*.

Whoſe Bound'ries from North-eaſt begun
And ſtretch'd to meet the South-weſt Sun.
Here FLATT'RY boaſts deſpotic Sway,
And baſks in all the Warmth of Day.

Long practis'd in Deception's School,
The Tyrant knew the Arts to rule;
Elated with th' Imperial Robe,
She plans the Conqueſt of the Globe;
And aided by her Servile Trains,
Leads Kings, and Sons of Kings, in Chains.
Her darling Miniſter is PRIDE,
(Who ne'er was known to change his Side)
A Friend, to all her Intereſts juſt,
And active to diſcharge his Truſt;
Careſs'd alike by high and low,
The Idol of the Belle and Beau:
In ev'ry Shape, he ſhews his Skill,
And forms her Subjects to his Will;
Enters their Houſes and their Hearts,
And gains his Point before he parts.
Sure never Miniſter was known
So zealous for his Sov'reign's Throne!

Three Siſters, ſimilar in Mien,
Were Maids of Honour to the Queen:

Who

Who farther Favours ſhar'd beſide,
As Daughters of her Stateſman PRIDE.
The firſt CONCEIT, with tow'ring Creſt,
Who look'd with Scorn upon the reſt;
Fond of herſelf, nor leſs, I deem,
Than Dutcheſs in her own Eſteem.

Next AFFECTATION, fair and young,
With half-form'd Accents on her Tongue,
Whoſe antic Shapes, and various Face,
Diſtorted every native Grace.

Then VANITY, a wanton Maid,
Flaunting in *Bruſſels*, and Brocade;
Fantaſtic, frolickſome and wild,
With all the Trinkets of a Child.

The People, loyal to their Queen,
Wore their Attachment in their Mien:
With chearful Heart they Homage paid,
And happieſt He, who moſt obey'd.
While They, who fought their own Applauſe,
Promoted moſt their Sov'reign's Cauſe.
The Minds of all were fraught with Guile,
Their Manners diſſolute and vile;
And every Tribe, like Pagans, run
To kneel before the riſing Sun.

But now ſome clam'rous Sounds ariſe,
And all the pleaſing Viſion flies.

Once more I cloſ'd my Eyes to ſleep,
And gain'd th' imaginary Deep,
FANCY preſided at the Helm,
And ſteer'd me back to FRIENDSHIP's Realm.
But oh! with Horror I relate
The Revolutions of her State.
The *Trojan* Chief cou'd hardly more
His *Aſiatic* Tow'rs deplore.

For FLATT'RY view'd thoſe fairer Plains,
With longing Eyes, where FRIENDSHIP reigns;
With Envy heard her Neighbour's Fame,
And often ſigh'd to gain the ſame.
At length, by Pride and Int'reſt fir'd,
To FRIENDSHIP's Kingdom ſhe aſpir'd.

And now commencing open Foe,
She plans in Thought ſome mighty Blow;
Draws out her Forces on the Green,
And marches to invade the Queen.

The River TRUTH the Hoſts withſtood,
And roll'd her formidable Flood:
Her Current ſtrong, and deep and clear,
No Fords were found, no Ferries near:
But as the Troops approach'd the Waves,
Their Fears ſuggeſt a Thouſand Graves;
They all retir'd with Haſte extreme,
And ſhudder'd at the dang'rous Stream.

HYPOCRISY the Gulph explores;
She forms a Bridge, and joins the Shores.
Thus often Art or Fraud prevails,
When military Proweſs fails.
The Troops an eaſy paſſage find,
And Vict'ry follows cloſe behind.

FRIENDSHIP with Ardor charg'd her Foes,
And now the Fight promiſcous grows;
But FLATT'RY threw a poiſon'd Dart,
And pierc'd the Empreſs to the Heart.
The VIRTUES all around were ſeen,
To fall in Heaps about the Queen.
The Tyrant ſtrip'd the mangled Fair,
She wore her Spoils, aſſum'd her Air;
And mounting next the Suff'rer's Throne,
Claim'd the Queen's Titles as her own.

Ah! injur'd Maid, aloud I cry'd,
Ah! injur'd Maid, the Rocks reply'd:
But judge my Griefs, and ſhare them too,
For the ſad Tale pertains to you;
Judge, Reader, how my Griefs abound,
When FRIENDSHIP's Foes were mine I found;
When the ſad Scene of Pride and Guile
Was *Britain*'s poor degen'rate Iſle.

The *Amazons*, who prop'd the State,
Haply ſurviv'd the general Fate.
JUSTICE to *Powis-Houſe* is fled,
And YORKE ſuſtains her radiant Head.
The Virtue FORTITUDE appears
In open Day at LIGONIER's;
Illuſtrious Heroine of the Sky,
Who leads to vanquiſh or to die!
'Twas SHE our Vet'rans Breaſts inſpir'd,
When *Belgia*'s faithleſs Sons retir'd:
For *Tournay*'s treach'rous Tow'rs can tell
Britannia's Children greatly fell.

No partial Virtue of the Plain!
She rous'd the Lions of the Main;

Hence

Hence † VERNON's little Fleet ſucceeds,
And hence the gen'rous * CORNWALL bleeds;
Hence ‖ GREENVILLE glorious!—for ſhe ſmil'd
On the young Hero from a Child.

Tho' in high Life ſuch Virtues dwell,
They'll ſuit Plebeian Breaſts as well.
Say, that the Mighty and the Great
Blaze like Meridian Suns of State;
Effulgent Excellence diſplay,
Like HALLIFAX, in Floods of Day;
Our leſſer Orbs may pour their Light,
Like the mild Creſcent of the Night.
Tho' pale our Beams, and ſmall our Sphere,
Still we may ſhine ſerene and clear.

Give to the Judge the ſcarlet Gown,
To martial Souls the Civic Crown:
What then? Is Merit their's alone?
Have we no Worth to call our own?
Shall we not vindicate our Part,
In the firm Breaſt, and upright Heart?
Reader, theſe Virtues may be thine,
Tho' in ſuperior Life they ſhine.

I can't

† At *Porto-Bello*.
* Againſt the combined Fleets of *France* and *Spain*.
‖ Died in a later Engagement with the *French* Fleet.

I can't diſcharge great HARDWICK's Truſt—
True——but my Soul may ſtill be juſt.
And tho' I can't the State defend,
I'll draw the Sword to ſerve my Friend.

Two golden Virtues are behind,
Of equal Import to the Mind;
PRUDENCE, to point out Wiſdom's Way,
Or to reclaim us, when we ſtray;
TEMP'RANCE, to guard the youthful Heart,
When VICE and FOLLY throw the Dart;
Each Virtue, let the World agree,
Daily reſides with you and me.
And, when our Souls in Friendſhip join,
We'll deem the ſocial Bond divine;
Thro' ev'ry Scene maintain our Truſt,
Nor e'er be timid or unjuſt.
That Breaſt, where Honour builds his Throne,
That Breaſt, which Virtue calls her own,
Nor Int'reſt warps, nor Fear appalls,
When Danger frowns, or Lucre calls.
No! the true Friend collected ſtands,
Fearleſs his Heart, and pure his Hands.
Let Int'reſt plead, let Storms ariſe,
HE dares be honeſt, tho' He dies!

M. M R.

MARRIAGE.

VISION VII.

Inſcrib'd to Miſs * * * *

WARRIAGE.

VISION VII.

Inscribed to Mrs ****

MARRIAGE.

VISION VII.

Inſcrib'd to Miſs * * * *

FAIREST, this Viſion is thy Due,
I form'd th' inſtructive Plan for You.
Slight not the Rules of thoughtful Age,
Your Welfare actuates ev'ry Page;
But ponder well my ſacred Theme,
And tremble, while you read my Dream.

Thoſe awful Words, " 'Till Death do part,"
May well alarm the youthful Heart:
No After-thought when once a Wife;
The Die is caſt, and caſt for Life;
Yet Thouſands venture ev'ry Day,
As ſome baſe Paſſion leads the Way.
Pert *Silvia* talks of Wedlock-Scenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her Teens;
Smiles on her whining Spark, and hears
The ſugar'd Speech with raptur'd Ears;

Impatient

Impatient of a Parent's Rule,
She leaves her Sire, and weds a Fool;
WANT enters at the guardleſs Door,
And LOVE is fled, to come no more.

Some few there are of ſordid mould,
Who barter Youth and Bloom for Gold;
Careleſs with what, or whom they mate,
Their ruling Paſſion's all for State.
But HYMEN, gen'rous, juſt, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary Mind:
Such Rebels groan beneath his Rod,
For HYMEN's a vindictive God;
Be joyleſs ev'ry Night, he ſaid,
And barren be their nuptial Bed.

Attend, my Fair, to Wiſdom's Voice,
A better Fate ſhall crown thy Choice.
A married Life, to ſpeak the beſt,
Is all a Lottery conteſt:
Yet if my Fair-one will be wife,
I will inſure my Girl a Prize;
Tho' not a Prize to match thy Worth,
Perhaps thy Equal's not on Earth.

'Tis an important Point to know,
Where true Perfection here below.

Man's an odd Compound after all,
And ever has been ſince the *Fall*.
Say, that he loves you from his Soul,
Still Man is proud, nor brooks Controul.
And tho' a Slave in Love's ſoft School,
In Wedlock claims his Right to rule.
The beſt, in ſhort, has Faults about him,
If few thoſe Faults, you muſt not flout him.
With ſome, indeed, you can't diſpenſe,
As Want of Temper, and of Senſe.
For when the Sun deſerts the Skies,
And the dull Winter Evenings riſe,
Then for a Huſband's ſocial Pow'r,
To form the calm, converſive Hour;
The Treaſures of thy Breaſt explore,
From that rich Mine to draw the Ore;
Fondly each gen'rous Thought refine,
And give thy native Gold to ſhine;
Shew Thee, as really Thou art,
Tho' fair, yet fairer ſtill at Heart.

Say, when Life's purple Bloſſoms fade,
As ſoon they muſt, thou charming Maid;
When in thy Cheeks the Roſes die,
And Sickneſs clouds that brilliant Eye;
Say, when or Age or Pains invade,
And thoſe dear Limbs ſhall call for Aid;

If thou art fetter'd to a Fool,
Shall not his tranſient Paſſion cool!
And when thy Health and Beauty end,
Shall thy weak Mate perſiſt a Friend!
But to a Man of Senſe, my Dear,
Ev'n then thou lovely ſhalt appear;
He'll ſhare the Griefs that wound thy Heart,
And weeping claim the larger Part;
Tho' Age impairs that beauteous Face,
He'll prize the Pearl beyond its Caſe.

In Wedlock when the Sexes meet,
Friendſhip is only then compleat.
" Bleſt State! where Souls each other draw,
" Where Love is Liberty and Law!
The choiceſt Bleſſing found below,
That Man can wiſh, or Heaven beſtow!
Truſt me, theſe Raptures are divine,
For lovely CHLOE once was mine!
Nor fear the Varniſh of my Stile,
Tho' Poet, I'm eſtrang'd to Guile.
Ah me! my faithful Lips impart
The genuine Language of my Heart!

When Bards extol their Patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis Gold extorts the Lye;

Perhaps

Perhaps the poor Reward of Bread——
But who burns Incenſe to the Dead!
HE, whom a fond Affection draws,
Careleſs of Cenſure, or Applauſe;
Whoſe Soul is upright, and ſincere,
With nought to wiſh, and nought to fear.

Now to my viſionary Scheme,
Attend, and profit by my Dream.

Amidſt the Slumbers of the Night
A ſtately Temple 'roſe to Sight;
And ancient as the human Race,
If NATURE's Purpoſes you trace,
This Fane, by all the Wiſe rever'd,
To WEDLOCK's pow'rful God was rear'd.
Hard by I ſaw a graceful Sage,
His Locks were froſted o'er by Age;
His Garb was plain, his Mind ſerene,
And Wiſdom dignify'd his Mien.
With curious Search his Name I ſought,
And found 'twas HYMEN's Fav'rite--THOUGHT.

Apace the giddy Crouds advance,
And a lewd Satyr led the Dance:

I griev'd

I griev'd to ſee whole Thouſands run,
For oh! what Thouſands are undone!
The Sage, when theſe mad Troops he ſpy'd,
In Pity flew to join their Side:
The diſconcerted Pairs began
To rail againſt him to a Man;
Vow'd they were Strangers to his Name,
Nor knew from whence the Dotard came.

But mark the Sequel——for *this* Truth
Highly concerns impetuous Youth:
Long ere the Honey Moon cou'd wane,
Perdition ſeiz'd on ev'ry Twain;
At ev'ry Houſe, and all Day long,
REPENTANCE ply'd her Scorpion Thong;
DISGUST was there with frowning Mien,
And ev'ry wayward Child of SPLEEN.

HYMEN approach'd his awful Fane,
Attended by a num'rous Train:
LOVE with each ſoft and nameleſs Grace,
Was firſt in Favour and in Place:
Then came the God with ſolemn Gait,
Whoſe ev'ry Word was big with Fate;
His Hand a flaming Taper bore,
That ſacred Symbol, fam'd of yore:

VIRTUE,

VIRTUE, adorn'd with ev'ry Charm,
Sustain'd the God's incumbent Arm:
BEAUTY improv'd the glowing Scene
With all the Roses of Eighteen:
YOUTH led the gayly smiling Fair,
His purple Pinions wav'd in Air:
WEALTH, a close Hunks, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With Vulture-Claw, and Eagle-Eye,
Who Threescore Years had seen, or more,
('Tis said his Coat had seen a Score;)
Proud was the Wretch, tho' clad in Rags,
Presuming much upon his Bags.

A Female next her Arts display'd,
Poets alone can paint the Maid:
Trust me, HOGARTH, (tho' great thy Fame)
'Twould pose thy Skill to draw the same;
And yet thy mimic Pow'r is more
Than ever Painter's was before:
Now she was fair as Cygnet's Down,
Now as *Mat Prior*'s *Emma*, brown;
And changing as the changing Flow'r,
Her Dress she varied every Hour:
'Twas FANCY, Child!—You know the Fair,
Who pins your Gown, and sets your Hair.

Lo!

Lo! the God mounts his Throne of State,
And ſits the Arbiter of Fate:
His Head with radiant Glories dreſt,
Gently reclin'd on VIRTUE's Breaſt:
LOVE took his Station on the Right,
His Quiver beam'd with golden Light.
BEAUTY uſurp'd the ſecond Place,
Ambitious of diſtinguiſh'd Grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial Joy,
Becauſe related to the Boy;
(Said it was Her's to point his Dart,
And ſpeed its Paſſage to the Heart)
While on the God's inferior Hand
FANCY and WEALTH obtain'd their Stand.

And now the hallow'd Rites proceed,
And now a thouſand Heart-ſtrings bleed.
I ſaw a blooming, trembling Bride,
A toothleſs Lover join'd her Side;
Averſe ſhe turn'd her weeping Face,
And ſhudder'd at the cold Embrace.

But various Baits their Force impart;
Thus Titles lie at *Cælia*'s Heart:

A Paſſion

A Paſſion much too foul to name,
Coſts ſupercilious Prudes their Fame:
Prudes wed to Publicans and Sinners,
The hungry Poet weds for Dinners.

The God with Frown indignant view'd
The Rabble covetous or lewd;
By ev'ry Vice his Altars ſtain'd,
By ev'ry Fool his Rites profan'd:
When LOVE complain'd of WEALTH aloud,
Affirming WEALTH debauch'd the Croud;
Drew up in Form his heavy Charge,
Deſiring to be heard at large.

The God conſents, the Throng divide,
The Young eſpous'd the *Plaintiff*'s Side;
The Old declar'd for the *Defendant*,
For Age is Money's ſworn Attendant.

LOVE ſaid, that Wedlock was deſign'd,
By gracious Heav'n, to match the Mind;
To pair the Tender and the Juſt,
And His the delegated Truſt:
That WEALTH had play'd a knaviſh Part,
And taught the Tongue to wrong the Heart;
But what avails the faithleſs Voice?
The injur'd Heart diſdains the Choice——

WEALTH ſtrait reply'd, that LOVE was blind,
And talk'd at random of the Mind;
That killing Eyes, and bleeding Hearts,
And all th' Artillery of Darts,
Were long ago exploded Fancies,
And laugh'd at even in Romances.
Poets indeed ſtile Love a Treat,
Perhaps for want of better Meat:
And Love might be delicious Fare,
Cou'd we, like Poets, live on Air.
But grant that Angels feaſt on Love,
(Thoſe purer Eſſences above)
Yet ALBION's Sons, He underſtood,
Prefer'd a more ſubſtantial Food.
Thus while with Gibes he dreſs'd his Cauſe,
His grey Admirers hemm'd Applauſe.

With ſeeming Conqueſt pert and proud,
WEALTH ſhook his Sides and chuckled loud;
When FORTUNE, to reſtrain his Pride,
And fond to favour LOVE beſide,
Op'ning the Miſer's Tape-ty'd Veſt,
Diſclos'd the CARES which ſtung his Breaſt,
WEALTH ſtood abaſh'd at his Diſgrace,
And a deep Crimſon flush'd his Face.

LOVE ſweetly ſimper'd at the Sight,
His gay Adherents laugh'd outright.
The God tho' grave his Temper, ſmil'd,
For HYMEN dearly priz'd the Child.
But he who triumphs o'er his Brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel Scores we often find
Repaid the Criminal in Kind.
For POVERTY that famiſh'd Fiend!
Ambitious of a wealthy Friend,
Advanc'd into the Miſer's Place,
And ſtar'd the Stripling in the Face;
Whoſe Lips grew pale, and cold as Clay;
I thought the Chit would ſwoon away.

The God was ſtudious to employ
His Cares to aid the vanquiſh'd Boy:
And therefore iſſu'd his Decree,
That the two Parties ſtrait agree.
When both obey'd the God's Commands,
And LOVE and RICHES join'd their Hands.

What wond'rous Change in each was wrought,
Believe me, Fair, ſurpaſſes Thought.

If LOVE had many Charms before,
He now had charms, ten thouſand more.
If WEALTH had Serpents in his Breaſt,
They now were dead or lull'd to reſt.

BEAUTY, that vain affected Thing,
Who join'd the Hymeneal Ring,
Approach'd with round unthinking Face,
And thus the Trifler ſtates her Caſe.

She ſaid, that LOVE's Complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tally'd with her own;
That WEALTH had learn'd the Felon's Arts,
And rob'd her of a thouſand Hearts;
Deſiring Judgment againſt WEALTH,
For Falſehood, Perjury, and Stealth:
All which ſhe cou'd on Oath depoſe,
And hop'd the Court would ſlit his Noſe.

But HYMEN, when he hear'd her Name,
Call'd her an interloping Dame;
Look'd thro' the Croud with angry State,
And blam'd the Porter at the Gate,
For giving Entrance to the Fair,
When ſhe was no Eſſential there.

To ſink this haughty Tyrant's Pride,
He order'd FANCY to preſide.
Hence, when Debates on Beauty riſe,
And each bright Fair diſputes the Prize,
To FANCY's Court we ſtrait apply,
And wait the Sentence of her Eye;
In BEAUTY's Realms ſhe holds the Seal,
And her Awards preclude Appeals.

To fuch this haughty Tyrant's Pride,
He order'd FANCY to preside.
Hence, when Debates on Beauty rife,
And each bright Fair difputes the Prize,
To FANCY's Court you Fair apply,
And wait the Sentence of her Eye;
In BEAUTY's Realms fhe holds the Scale,
And her Awards preclude Appeals.

LIFE.

VISION VIII.

LIFE.

VISION VIII.

LIFE.

VISION VIII.

LET not the Young my Precepts ſhun,
Who ſlight good Counſels, are undone.
Your Poet ſung of Love's Delights,
Of Halcyon Days and joyous Nights;
To the gay Fancy lovely Themes;
And fain, I'd hope they're more than Dreams.
But, if you pleaſe, before we part,
I'd ſpeak a Language to your Heart.
We'll talk of LIFE, tho' much, I fear,
Th' ungrateful Tale will wound your Ear.
You raiſe your ſanguine Thoughts too high,
And hardly know the Reaſon why:
But ſay Life's Tree bears golden Fruit,
Some Canker ſhall corrode the Root;
Some unexpected Storm ſhall riſe;
Or ſcorching Suns, or chilling Skies;
And (if experienc'd Truths avail)
All your autumnal Hopes ſhall fail.

" But, Poet, whence ſuch wide Extremes?
" Well may you ſtile your Labours *Dreams*.
" A Son of Sorrow Thou, I ween,
" Whoſe Viſions are the Brats of *Spleen*.
" Is Bliſs a vague unmeaning Name,—
" Speak then the Paſſions' Uſe or Aim;
" Why rage Deſires without controul,
" And rouze ſuch Whirlwinds in the Soul;
" Why Hope erects her tow'ring Creſt,
" And laughs, and riots in the Breaſt.
" Think not, my weaker Brain turns round,
" Think not, I tread on Fairy Ground.
" Think not, your Pulſe alone beats true,—
" Mine makes as healthful Muſick too.
" Our Joys, when Life's ſoft Spring we trace,
" Put forth their early Buds apace.
" See the Bloom loads the tender Shoot,
" The Bloom conceals the future Fruit.
" Yes, Manhood's warm Meridian Sun
" Shall ripen what in Spring begun.
" Thus Infant Roſes, ere they blow,
" In germinating Cluſters grow;
" And only wait the Summer's Ray,
" To burſt and bloſſom to the Day."

What

What ſaid the gay unthinking Boy!—
Methought HILARIO talk'd of Joy!
Tell, if thou can'ſt, whence Joys ariſe,
Or what thoſe mighty Joys you prize.
You'll find (and truſt ſuperior Years)
The Vale of Life a Vale of Tears.
Cou'd Wiſdom teach, where Joys abound,
Or Riches purchaſe them, when found,
Wou'd ſcepter'd SOLOMON complain,
That all was fleeting, falſe, and vain;
Yet ſcepter'd SOLOMON cou'd ſay,
Returning Clouds obſcur'd his Day.
Thoſe Maxims, which the Preacher drew,
The royal Sage experienc'd true.
He knew the various Ills, that wait
Our Infant and Meridian State;
That Toys our earlieſt Thoughts engage,
And diff'rent Toys maturer Age.
That Grief at ev'ry Stage appears,
But diff'rent Griefs at diff'rent Years;
That Vanity is ſeen, in part,
Inſcrib'd on ev'ry human Heart;
In the Child's Breaſt the Spark began,
Grows with his Growth, and glares in Man.
But when in Life we journey late,
If Follies die, do Griefs abate?

Ah! what is Life at fourſcore Years— [Tears!
One dark, rough Road of Sighs, Groans, Pains, and

Perhaps you'll think I act the ſame,
As a ſly Sharper plays his Game:
You triumph ev'ry *Deal* that's paſt,
He's ſure to triumph at the laſt;
Who often wins ſome thouſands more
Than twice the Sums you won before.
But I'm a Looſer with the reſt,
For LIFE is all a *Deal* at beſt;
Where not the Prize of Wealth or Fame,
Repays the Trouble of the Game;
(A Truth no Winner e'er deny'd,
An Hour before that Winner dy'd).
Not that with me theſe Prizes ſhine,
For neither Fame nor Wealth are mine.
My Cards!—a weak plebeian Band,
With ſcarce an *Honour* in my Hand.
And ſince my Trumps are very few,
What have I more to boaſt than you!
Nor am I Gainer by your Fall!
That Harlot *Fortune* bubbles all!

'Tis Truth (receive it ill or well)
'Tis melancholy Truth I tell.

Why

Why ſhould the Preacher take your Pence,
And ſmother Truth to flatter Senſe?
I'm ſure, Phyſicians have no Merit,
Who kill, thro' Lenity of Spirit.

That LIFE's a Game, Divines confeſs,
This ſays at Cards, and That at Cheſs;
But if our views be center'd Here,
'Tis all a loſing Game I fear.

Sailors you know, when Wars obtain,
And hoſtile Veſſels croud the Main,
If they diſcover from afar
A Bark as diſtant as a Star,
Hold the Perſpective to their Eyes,
To learn its Colours, Strength and Size;
And when this Secret once they know,
Make ready to receive the Foe.
Let you and I from Sailors learn
Important Truths of like Concern.

I clos'd the Day, as Cuſtom led,
With Reading, till the Time of Bed;
Where Fancy, at the Midnight Hour,
Again diſplay'd her magic Pow'r.

(For

(For know, that Fancy like a Spright,
Prefers the ſilent Scenes of Night.)
She lodg'd me in a neigb'ring Wood,
No matter where the Thicket ſtood;
The GENIUS of the Place was nigh,
And held two Pictures to my Eye.
The curious Painter had portray'd
LIFE in each juſt and genuine Shade.
They, who have only known its Dawn,
May think theſe *Lines* too deeply drawn,
But riper Years, I fear, will ſhew,
The wiſer Artiſt paints too true.

One Piece preſents a rueful Wild,
Where not a Summer's ſun had ſmil'd;
The Road with Thorns is cover'd wide,
And GRIEF ſits weeping by the Side;
Her Tears with conſtant Tenor flow,
And form a mournful Lake below;
Whoſe ſilent Waters, dark and deep,
Thro' all the gloomy Valley creep.

Paſſions, that flatter, or that ſlay,
Are Beaſts that fawn, or Birds that prey.
Here VICE aſſumes the Serpent's Shape;
There FOLLY perſonates the Ape;

Here

Here AV'RICE gripes with Harpys' Claws;
There MALICE grins with Tygers' Jaws;
While Sons of Miſchief, ART, and GUILE,
Are Aligators of the *Nile*.

Ev'n PLEASURE acts a treach'rous Part,
She charms the Senſe, but ſtings the Heart.
And when ſhe gulls us of our Wealth,
Or that ſuperior Pearl, our Health;
Reſtores us nought, but Pains and Woe,
And drowns us in the LAKE below.

There a commiſſion'd ANGEL ſtands,
With Deſolation in his Hands!
He ſends the all-devouring Flame,
And Cities hardly boaſt a Name.
Or wings the peſtilential Blaſt,
And lo! ten thouſands breathe their laſt.
He ſpeaks—obedient Tempeſts roar,
And guilty Nations are no more:
He ſpeaks—the Fury DISCORD raves,
And ſweeps whole Armies to their Graves:
Or FAMINE lifts her mildew'd Hand,
And HUNGER howls thro' all the Land.

Oh!

Oh! what a Wreteh is Man, I cry'd,
Expos'd to Death on ev'ry Side!
And ſure as born, to be undone
By Evils, which he cannot ſhun!
Beſides a thouſand Baits to Sin,
A thouſand Traytors lodg'd within!
For ſoon as VICE aſſaults the Heart,
The Rebels take the Dæmon's Part.

I ſigh, my aching Boſom bleeds;
When ſtrait the milder Plan ſucceeds.
The Lake of Tears, the dreary Shore,
The ſame as in the *Piece* before.
But Gleams of Light are here diſplay'd,
To chear the Eye, and gild the Shade.
AFFLICTION ſpeaks a ſofter Stile,
And DISAPPOINTMENT wears a Smile.
A Group of Virtues bloſſom near,
Their Roots improve by ev'ry Tear.

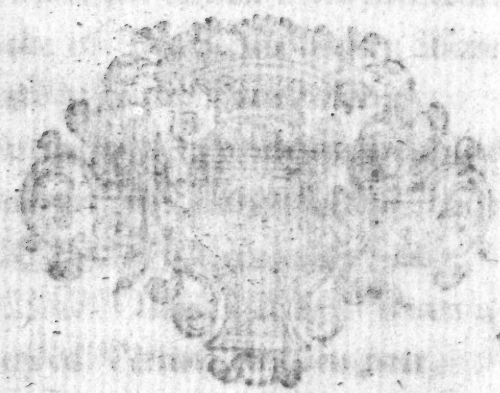
Here PATIENCE, gentle Maid! is nigh,
To calm the Storm, and wipe the Eye;
HOPE acts the Kind Phyſician's Part,
And warms the ſolitary Heart;
RELIGION nobler Comfort brings,
Diſarms our Griefs, or blunts their Stings;

Points

Points out the Ballance on the Whole.
And HEAV'N rewards the ſtruggling Soul.

But while theſe Raptures I purſue,
The GENIUS ſuddenly withdrew.

DEATH,



DEATH.

VISION the Laſt.

DEATH.

VISION the Last.

DEATH.

VISION the Laſt.

'TIS thought my Viſions are too grave;*
A Proof I'm no deſigning Knave.
Perhaps if Int'reſt held the Scales,
I had deviſ'd quite diff'rent Tales:
Had join'd the laughing low Buffoon,
And ſcribbled Satire and Lampoon;
Or ſtir'd each Source of ſoft Deſire,
And fan'd the Coals of wanton Fire;
Then had my paultry Viſions ſold,
Yes, all my Dreams had turn'd to Gold;
Had prov'd the Darlings of the Town,
And I—a Poet of Renown!

Let not my awful Theme ſurprize,
Let no unmanly Fears ariſe.
I wear no melancholy Hue,
No Wreaths of Cypreſs or of Yew.

The

* See the *Monthly Review* of new Books for *February* 1751.

The Shroud, the Coffin, Pall, or Herſe,
Shall ne'er deform my ſofter Verſe.
Let me conſign the fun'ral Plume,
The Herald's Paint, the ſculptur'd Tomb,
And all the ſolemn Farce of Graves
To *Undertakers* and their Slaves.

You know, that moral Writers ſay
The World's a Stage, and Life a Play:
That in this Drama to ſucceed,
Requires much Thought, and Toil indeed!
There ſtill remains one Labour more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the Search, and you ſhall find
The harder Taſk is ſtill behind;
That harder taſk, to quit the Stage
In early Youth, or riper Age;
To leave the Company and Place,
With Firmneſs, Dignity, and Grace.

Come, then, the cloſing Scenes Survey,
'Tis the laſt act which crowns the Play.
Do well the terminating Part,
And gain the Plaudit of your Heart.
Few greatly live in Wiſdom's Eye—
But oh! how few who greatly die!

Who

Who, when their Days approach an End,
Can meet the Foe, as Friend meets Friend!

Inſtructive Heroes! tell us whence
Your noble Scorn of Fleſh and Senſe!
You part from all we prize ſo dear,
Nor drop one ſoft reluctant Tear:
Part from thoſe tender Joys of Life,
The Friend, the Parent, Child, and Wife.
DEATH's black and ſtormy Gulph you brave,
And ride exulting on the Wave;
Deem Thrones but Trifles all!—no more—
Nor ſend one wiſhful Look to Shore.

For foreign Ports and Lands unknown,
Thus the firm Sailor leaves his own;
Obedient to the riſing Gale,
Unmoors his Bark, and ſpreads his Sail;
Defyes the Ocean, and the Wind,
Nor mourns the Joys, He leaves behind.

Is DEATH a pow'rful Monarch? True—
Perhaps you dread the Tyrant too!
Fear, like a Fog, precludes the Light,
Or ſwells the Object to the Sight.
Attend my Viſionary Page,
And I'll diſarm the Tyrant's Rage.

Come, let this ghaſtly Form appear,
He's not ſo terrible when near.
Diſtance deludes th' unwary Eye,
So Clouds ſeem Monſters in the Sky.
Hold frequent Converſe with him now,
He'll daily wear a milder Brow.
Why is my Theme with Terror fraught?
Becauſe you ſhun the frequent Thought.
Say, when the captive Pard is nigh,
Whence thy pale Cheek and frighted Eye!
Say, why diſmay'd thy manly Breaſt,
When the grim Lion ſhakes his Creſt!
Becauſe theſe ſavage Sights are new—
No Keeper ſhudders at the View.
Keepers accuſtom'd to the Scene,
Approach the Dens with Look ſerene;
Fearleſs their griſly Charge explore,
And ſmile to hear the Tyrants roar.

" Ay—but to die! to bid Adieu!
" An everlaſting Farewell too!
" Farewell to ev'ry Joy around!
" Oh! the Heart ſickens at the Sound.

Stay, Stripling—Thou art poorly taught—
Joy didſt Thou ſay!—Diſcard the Thought.

Joys

Joys are a rich celeſtial Fruit,
And ſcorn a ſublunary Root.
What wears the Face of Joy below,
Is often found but ſplendid Woe.
Joys Here, like unſubſtantial Fame,
Are Nothings with a pompous Name;
Or elſe, like Comets in the Sphere,
Shine with Deſtruction in their Rear.

Paſſions, like Clouds, obſcure the Sight,
Hence Mortals ſeldom judge aright.
The World's a harſh unfruitful Soil,
Yet ſtill we hope, and ſtill we toil;
Deceive ourſelves with wond'rous Art,
And Diſappointment wrings the Heart.

Thus when a Miſt collects around,
And hovers o'er a barren Ground,
The poor deluded Trav'ler ſpies
Imagin'd Trees and Structures riſe;
But when the ſhrouded Sun is clear,
The Deſart and the Rocks appear.

" Ay—but when youthful Blood runs high,
" Sure 'tis a dreadful Thing to die!

" To

" To die! and what exalts the Gloom,
" I'm told, that Man ſurvives the Tomb!
" O! can the learned Prelate find
" What future Scenes await the Mind!
" Where wings the Soul, diſlodg'd from Clay!—
" Some courteous Angel point the Way!
" That unknown Somewhere in the Skies!
" Say, where that unknown Somewhere lies.
" And kindly prove, when Life is o'er,
" That Pains and Sorrows are no more.
" For doubtleſs Dying is a Curſe,
" If preſent Ills be chang'd for worſe."

Huſh, my young Friend, forego the Theme,
And liſten to your Poet's Dream.

Ere while I took an Evening Walk,
HONORIO join'd in ſocial Talk.
Along the Lawns the Zephyrs ſweep,
Each ruder Wind was lull'd aſleep.
The Sky, all beauteous to behold,
Was ſtreak'd with Azure, Green, and Gold;
But tho' ſerenely ſoft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the Air;
Then ſettled on HONORIO's Breaſt,
Which ſhudder'd at the fatal Gueſt.

No

No Drugs the kindly Wiſh fulfill,
Diſeaſe eludes the Doctor's Skill.
The Poiſon ſpreads thro' all the Frame,
Ferments, and kindles into Flame.
From Side to Side HONORIO turns,
And now with Thirſt inſatiate burns.
His Eyes reſign their wonted Grace,
Thoſe friendly Lamps expire apace!
The Brain's an uſeleſs Organ grown,
And REASON tumbled from his Throne.—

But while the purple Surges glow,
The Currents thicken as they flow.
The Blood in ev'ry diſtant Part
Stagnates and diſappoints the Heart;
Defrauded of its crimſon Store,
The vital Engine plays no more.

HONORIO dead, the fun'ral Bell
Call'd ev'ry Friend to bid Farewell.
I join'd the melancholy Bier,
And drop'd the unavailing Tear.

The Clock ſtruck *Twelve*—when Nature ſought
Repoſe from all the Pangs of Thought;

And while my Limbs were ſunk to Reſt,
A Viſion ſooth'd my troubled Breaſt.

I dreamt the Spectre DEATH appear'd,
I dreamt his hollow Voice I heard!
Methought th' imperial Tyrant wore
A State no Prince aſſum'd before.
All Nature fetch'd a gen'ral Groan,
And lay expiring round his Throne.

I gaz'd—when ſtrait aroſe to Sight
The moſt deteſted Fiend of Night.
He ſhuffled with unequal Pace,
And conſcious Shame deform'd his Face.
With jealous Leer he ſquinted round,
Or fix'd his Eyes upon the Ground.
From Hell this frightful Monſter came,
SIN was his Sire, and GUILT his Name.

This Fury, with officious Care,
Waited around the SOV'REIGN's Chair;
In Robes of Terrors dreſt the King,
And arm'd him with a baneful Sting;
Gave Fierceneſs to the Tyrant's Eye,
And hung the Sword upon his Thigh.

DIS-

DISEASES next, a hideous Croud!
Proclaim'd their Maſter's Empire loud;
And all obedient to his Will,
Flew in commiſſion'd Troops to kill.

A riſing Whirlwind ſhakes the Poles,
And Lightning glares, and Thunder rolls.
The MONARCH and his Train prepare
To range the foul tempeſtuous Air.
Strait to his Shoulders He applies
Two Pinions of enormous Size!
Methought I ſaw the ghaſtly Form
Stretch his black Wings, and mount the Storm.
When Fancy's airy Horſe I ſtrode,
And join'd the Army on the Road.
As the grim Conqu'ror urg'd his Way,
He ſcatter'd Terror and Diſmay.
Thouſands a penſive Aſpect wore,
Thouſands! who ſneer'd on DEATH before.
Life's Records riſe on ev'ry Side,
And CONSCIENCE ſpreads thoſe Volumes wide;
Which faithful Regiſters were brought
By pale-ey'd FEAR and buſy THOUGHT.
Thoſe Faults, which artful Men conceal,
Stand here engrav'd with Pen of Steel,

By CONSCIENCE, that impartial Scribe!
Whoſe honeſt Palm diſdains a Bribe.
Their Actions All like Critics view,
And All like faithful Critics too.
As Guilt had ſtain'd Life's various Stage,
What Tears of Blood bedew'd the Page!
All ſhudder'd at the black Account,
And ſcarce believ'd the vaſt Amount!
All vow'd a future Change of Heart,
Wou'd DEATH relent, and ſheath his Dart.
But, when the awful Foe withdrew,
All to their Follies fled anew.

So when a Wolf, who ſcours at large,
Springs on the Shepherd's fleecy Charge,
The Flock in wild Diſorder fly,
And caſt behind a frequent Eye;
But, when the Victim's borne away,
They ruſh to Paſture and to Play.

Indulge my Dream, and let my Pen,
Paint thoſe unmeaning Creatures, Men.

CARUS with Pains, and Sickneſs worn,
Chides the ſlow Night, and ſighs for Morn;

Soon

Soon as he views the eaſtern Ray,
He mourns the quick Return of Day;
Hourly laments protracted Breath,
And courts the healing Hand of DEATH.

VERRES oppreſs'd with Guilt and Shame,
Shipwreck'd in Fortune, Health, and Fame,
Pines for his dark ſepulchral Bed,
To mingle with th' unheeded Dead.

With fourſcore Years grey NATHO bends,
A Burden to Himſelf and Friends;
And with Impatience ſeems to wait
The friendly Hand of ling'ring Fate.
So Hirelings wiſh their Labour done,
And often eye the weſtern Sun.

The Monarch hears their various Grief,
Deſcends, and brings the wiſh'd Relief.
On DEATH with wild Surprize they ſtar'd,
All ſeem'd averſe! All unprepar'd!

As Torrents ſweep with rapid Force,
The Grave's pale Chief purſu'd his Courſe.
No human Pow'r can or withſtand,
Or ſhun the Conqueſts of his Hand.

Oh! cou'd the Prince of upright Mind,
And, as a Guardian Angel, kind,
With ev'ry Heart-felt Worth beſide,
Turn the keen Shaft of DEATH aſide,
When wou'd the brave AUGUSTUS join
The Aſhes of his ſacred Line!
But DEATH maintains no partial War,
He mocks a Sultan, or a Czar!
He lays his Iron Hand on All——
Yes, Kings, and Sons of Kings, muſt fall!
A Truth BRITANNIA lately felt,
And trembled to her Center!——†

Cou'd ableſt Statesmen ward the Blow,
Wou'd GRANVILLE own this common Foe!
For greater Talents ne'er were known
To grace the Fav'rite of a Throne.

Cou'd Genius ſave—Wit, Learning, Fire—
Tell me, wou'd CHESTERFIELD expire!
Say, wou'd his glorious Sun decline,
And ſet like your pale Star or mine?

Cou'd

† Referring to the Death of his late Royal Highneſs FREDERICK Prince of Wales.

Cou'd ev'ry Virtue of the Sky——
Wou'dHERRING*,BUTLER‖,SECKER‡die!

Why this Addreſs to Peerage all——
Untitled ALLEN's Virtues call!
If ALLEN's Worth demands a Place,
Lords, with your Leave, 'tis no Diſgrace.
Tho' high your Ranks in Heralds' Rolls,
Know VIRTUE too enobles Souls.
By her that private Man's renown'd,
Who pours a thouſand Bleſſings round.
While ALLEN takes AFFLICTION's Part,
And draws out all his gen'rous Heart;
Anxious to ſeize the fleeting Day,
Leſt unimprov'd it ſteals away;
While *thus* he walks with jealous Striſe
Thro' Goodneſs, as he walks thro' Life,
Shall not I mark his radiant Path!——
Riſe, Muſe, and ſing the MAN of BATH;
Publiſh abroad, cou'd Goodneſs ſave,
ALLEN wou'd diſappoint the Grave;
Tranſlated to the heav'nly Shore,
Like ENOCH, when his Walk was o'er.

* Abp. of Cant. ‖ Late Bp. of Durham. ‡ Bp. of Oxford.

Not BEAUTY's pow'rful Pleas reſtrain—
Her Pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
For Women pierce with Shrieks the Air,
Smite their bare Breaſts, and rend their Hair,
All have a doleful Tale to tell,
How Friends, Sons, Daughters, Huſbands fell!

Alas! is Life our Fav'rite Theme?
'Tis all a vain, or painful Dream.
A Dream, which Fools or Cowards prize,
But ſlighted by the Brave or Wiſe.
Who lives, for others' Ills muſt groan,
Or bleed for Sorrows of his own;
Muſt journey on with weeping Eye,
Then pant, ſink, agonize, and die.

And ſhall a Man arraign the Skies,
Becauſe Man lives, and mourns, and dies?
Impatient Reptile! REASON cry'd;
Arraign thy Paſſion and thy Pride.
Retire, and commune with thy Heart,
Aſk, whence thou cam'ſt, and what thou art.
Explore thy Body, and thy Mind,
Thy Station too, why here aſſign'd.

The Search ſhall teach thee Life to prize,
And make thee grateful, good, and wiſe,
Why do you roam to foreign Climes,
To ſtudy Nations, Modes, and Times;
A Science often dearly bought,
And often what avails you nought?
Go, Man, and act a wiſer Part,
Study the Science of your Heart.
This home Philoſophy, you know,
Was priz'd ſome thouſand Years ago. †
Then why abroad a frequent Gueſt!
Why ſuch a Stranger to your Breaſt!
Why turn ſo many Volumes o'er,
Till *Dodſley* can ſupply no more!
Not all the Volumes on thy Shelf,
Are worth that ſingle Volume, Self.
For, who this ſacred Book declines,
Howe'er in other Arts he ſhines;
Tho' ſmit with *Pindar*'s noble Rage,
Or vers'd in *Tully*'s manly Page;
Tho' deeply read in *Plato*'s School;
With all his Knowledge is a Fool.

† KNOW THYSELF, a celebrated Saying of CHILO one of the Seven Wiſe Men of *Greece*.

Proclaim the Truth—Say, what is Man,
His Body from the Duſt began;
And when a few ſhort Years are o'er,
The crumbling Fabrick is no more.

But whence the Soul! From Heav'n it came!
Oh! prize this intellectual Flame.
This nobler SELF with Rapture ſcan,
'Tis Mind alone, which makes the Man.
Truſt me, there's not a Joy on Earth,
But from the Soul derives its Birth.
Aſk the young Rake (he'll anſwer right)
Who treats by Day, and drinks by Night,
What makes his Entertainments ſhine,
What gives the Reliſh to his Wine;
He'll tell thee (if he ſcorns the Beaſt)
That ſocial Pleaſures form the Feaſt.
The Charms of Beauty too ſhall cloy,
Unleſs the Soul exalts the Joy.
The Mind muſt animate the Face,
Or cold and taſteleſs ev'ry Grace.

What! muſt the Soul her Pow'rs diſpenſe
To raiſe and ſwell the Joys of Senſe?

Know

Know too, the Joys of Senſe controul,
And clog the Motions of the Soul:
Forbid her Pinions to aſpire,
Damp and impair her native Fire;
And ſure as Senſe (that Tyrant!) reigns,
She holds the Empreſs, SOUL, in Chains.
Inglorious Bondage to the Mind,
Heav'n-born, ſublime, and unconfin'd!
She's independent, fair, and great,
And juſtly claims a large Eſtate;
She aſks no borrow'd Aids to ſhine,
She boaſts within a golden Mine;
But like the Treaſures of *Peru*,
Her Wealth lies deep, and far from View.
Say, ſhall the Man, who knows her Worth,
Debaſe her Dignity and Birth;
Or e'er repine at Heav'n's Decree,
Who kindly gave her leave to be;
Call'd her from Nothing into Day,
And built her Tenement of Clay.
Hear, and accept me for your Guide,
(REASON ſhall ne'er deſert your Side)
Who liſtens to my wiſer Voice,
Can't but applaud his Maker's Choice;
Pleas'd with that Firſt and Sov'reign Cauſe,
Pleas'd with unerring Wiſdom's Laws;

Secure,

Secure, ſince Sov'reign Goodneſs reigns,
Secure, ſince Sov'reign Pow'r obtains.

With curious Eyes review thy Frame,
This Science ſhall direct thy Claim.
Doſt thou indulge a double View,
A long, long Life, and happy too?
Perhaps a further Boon you crave—
To lie down eaſy in the Grave?
Know then, my Dictates muſt prevail,
Or ſurely each *fond Wiſh* ſhall fail.——

Come then, is *Happineſs* thy Aim?
Let mental Joys be *all* thy Game.
Repeat the Search, and mend your Pace,
The Capture ſhall reward the Chace.
Let ev'ry Minute, as it ſprings,
Convey freſh Knowledge on its Wings;
Let ev'ry Minute, as it flies,
Record thee Good as well as Wiſe.
While ſuch Purſuits your Thoughts engage,
In a few Years you'll live an Age.
Who meaſures Life by rolling Years?
Fools meaſure by revolving Spheres.——
Go thou, and fetch th' unerring *Rule*
From VIRTUE's, and from WISDOM's School.

Who

Who well improves Life's ſhorteſt Day,
Will ſcarce regret its ſetting Ray;
Contented with his ſhare of Light,
Nor fear nor wiſh th' Approach of Night.
And when Diſeaſe aſſaults the Heart,
When Sickneſs triumphs over Art,
Reflections on a Life well paſt
Shall prove a Cordial to the laſt;
This Med'cine ſhall the Soul ſuſtain,
And ſoften, or ſuſpend her Pain;
Shall break DEATH's fell tyrannic Pow'r,
And calm the troubled dying Hour.

Bleſt Rules of cool prudential Age!
I liſten'd, and rever'd the Sage.
When lo! a Form divinely bright
Deſcends, and burſts upon my Sight.
A Seraph of Illuſtrious Birth!
(RELIGION was her Name on Earth)
Supremely ſweet her radiant Face,
And blooming with celeſtial Grace!
Three ſhining Cherubs form'd her Train,
Wav'd their light Wings, and reach'd the Plain.
FAITH, with ſublime and piercing Eye,
And Pinions flutt'ring for the Sky;

Here HOPE, that ſmiling Angel, ſtands,
And golden Anchors grace her Hands;
There CHARITY, in Robes of White,
Faireſt and fav'rite Maid of Light!

The Seraph ſpake—'Tis REASON's Part,
To govern, and to guard the Heart;
To lull the wayward Soul to Reſt,
When Hopes and Fears diſtract the Breaſt.
REASON may calm this doubtful Striſe,
And ſteer thy Bark thro' various Life:
But when the Storms of Death are nigh,
And Midnight Darkneſs veils the Sky,
Shall REASON then direct thy Sail,
Diſperſe the Clouds, or ſink the Gale?
Stranger, this Skill alone is mine,
Skill! that tranſcends his ſcanty Line.

That hoary Sage has counſell'd right—
Be wiſe, nor ſcorn his friendly Light.
Revere thy ſelf---Thou'rt near ally'd
To Angels on thy better Side.
How vario[illegible]eir Ranks or Kinds,
Angels are b[illegible]unbodied Minds;
When the Partition Walls decay,
Men emerge Angels from their Clay.

Yet,

Yes, when the frailer Body dies,
The Soul aſſerts her kindred Skies.
But Minds, tho' ſprung from heav'nly Race,
Muſt firſt be tutor'd for the Place.
(The Joys above are underſtood,
And reliſh'd only by the Good)
Who ſhall aſſume this guardian Care?
Who ſhall ſecure their Birthright There?
Souls are my Charge—to me 'tis giv'n
To train them for their native Heav'n.

Know then—WHO bow the early Knee,
And give the willing Heart to me;
Who wiſely, when TEMPTATION waits,
Elude her Frauds, and ſpurn her Baits;
Who dare to own my injur'd Cauſe,
Tho' Fools deride my ſacred Laws;
Or ſcorn to deviate to the Wrong,
Tho' PERSECUTION lifts her Thong;
Tho' all the Sons of Hell conſpire
To raiſe the Stake, and light the Fire;
Know, that for ſuch ſuperior Souls,
There lies a Bliſs beyond the Poles;
Where Spirits ſhine with purer Ray,
And brighten to Meridian Day;

Where

Where Love, where boundleſs Friendſhip rules,
(No Friends that change, no Love that cools!)
Where riſing Floods of Knowledge roll,
And pour and pour upon the Soul!

But where's the Paſſage to the Skies?—
The Road thro' DEATH's black Valley lies.
Nay, do not ſhudder at my Tale—
Tho' dark the Shades, yet ſafe the Vale.
This Path the beſt of Men have trod,
And who'd decline the Road to God?
Oh! 'tis a glorious Boon to Die!—
This Favour can't be priz'd too high.

While thus ſhe ſpake, my Looks expreſs'd
The Raptures kindling in my Breaſt:
My Soul a fix'd Attention gave;
When the ſtern Monarch of the Grave
With haughty Strides approach'd—Amaz'd
I ſtood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
The Seraph calm'd each anxious Fear,
And kindly wip'd the falling Tear;
Then haſten'd with expanded Wing
To meet the pale terrific King.
But now what milder Scenes ariſe!
The Tyrant drops his hoſtile Guiſe,

He ſeems a Youth divinely fair,
In graceful Ringlets waves his Hair.
His Wings their whitening Plumes diſplay,
His burniſh'd Plumes reflect the Day.
Light flows his ſhining azure Veſt,
And all the Angel ſtands confeſt.

I view'd the Change with ſweet Surprize,
And oh! I panted for the Skies;
Thank'd Heav'n, that e'er I drew my Breath,
And triumph'd in the Thoughts of DEATH.

FINIS.

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